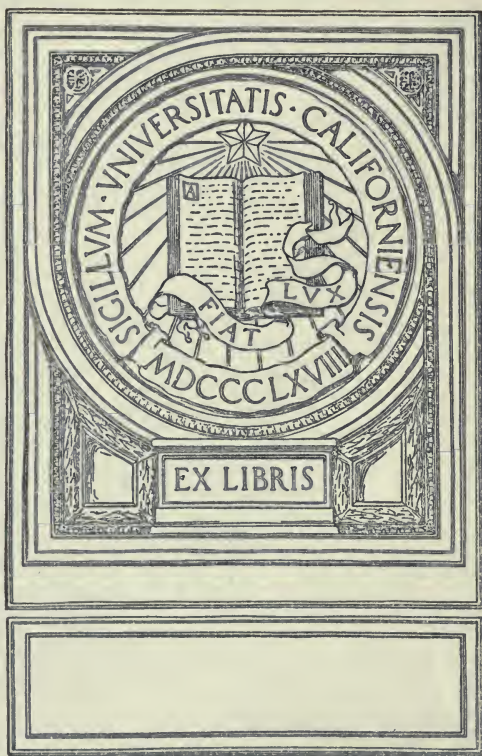


SONGS
IN THE
NIGHT

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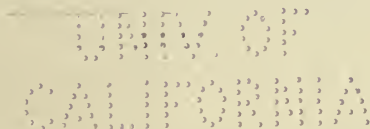
Clara Marble Munroe.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

BY

CLARA MARBLE MUNROE

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BOSTON
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1900

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TO THE
AIRBORNE

UNTO HIM

"WHO GIVETH SONGS IN THE NIGHT,"

AND

TO MY BELOVED FATHER AND MOTHER

WHO DWELL WITH CHRIST IN THE

MORNING LAND,

THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.

M191962

PREFACE

It is difficult to produce any book, however well written, that will meet the requirements of all classes of people with their various temperaments.

This little volume is no exception to the rule. Some will find herein few poems they think worthy of perusal.

But those who have walked through the Valley of the Shadow—who have “loved and lost awhile,” may catch a reflection of their own heart experience.

To such the book will, it is hoped, prove a comfort.

Many of the following Songs were suggested in the night season; others in “the lonely night of sorrow,” or during long, weary days of invalidism. For years they have been withheld, because of their sacred associations; knowing, however, that the gift which costs the greater sacrifice is often of richer value, they are now humbly and prayerfully submitted.

C. M. M.

April 12, 1900.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

ONLY A SONG.

I call to remembrance my song in the night."—PSALM 77:6.

IT was only a song that a maiden sang,
With a careless tone, but the echo rang
In the heart of the lad; like a pure white hand,
It guided him over sea and land.

Only a song from the lips of one
Whose mission is ended, whose brief life is done;
A simple carol, that after all
We never can hear but the tears will fall.

Only an old, old fashioned hymn,
Sung in the twilight, gray and dim,
By mother's side, or on father's knee,
Yet Time can not blot it from memory.

Only a song from a feeble pen
And a faltering hand and heart, but then,
Who knows? Perhaps some life, once sad
In sin, was made to rejoice and be glad.

Brief as a song is this life of ours,
Fleeting as sunshine, and frail as the flowers.
Then sing, my heart, O sing and be strong!
Thou shalt one day join in the "new, new song."

February 18, 1885.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a Land beyond this world
Of sorrow and sin ;
There are beautiful robes and golden crowns,
And one I hope to win.

'Tis there I humbly wish to go,
To dwell among the blest,
Where the "wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

He that overcometh
Shall wear the robe, Christ says,
And dwell with him forever,
Through all the endless days.

May I overcome temptation,
Faithful be, unto the end ;
And at length, go home to Heaven,
When the Lord for me shall send.

Composed at the age of thirteen.

TRUE LOVE.

HE plac'd in her hand a rosebud fair,
When fell the summer dew,
And he whispered soft as he held it there,
"Far truer is my love for you
Than stars above—
For you, my love!"

A LOWER LIGHT.

IN this world of joy and sunshine,
And of shadows too,
In our little sphere of action,
There is work to do.

There are souls weak and despairing,
Far in Sin's dark night ;
Just a word or prayer may change their
Darkness into light.

There are hearts bowed down in sorrow,
Sore with untold grief,
Waiting, longing for some kind word,
That would bring relief.

There are children all about us,
Children full of glee ;
They are watching for examples,
Watching you and me.

Oh, be earnest in the battle !
Faithful be and true !
Let your light shine brightly : you will
Soon find work to do.

Let your life show plainly that you're
Standing for the right :
If you can not be a beacon,
Be a lower light.

Composed in 1877.

ARBUTUS.

WHAT is so rare, so pure and sweet,
First of all flowers our hearts to greet—

Spring's fairest bloom ?

Scarce when the snow has passed away,

Long ere the gentle month of May

This flower finds room.

Eagerly sought by youthful bands—

Lovingly pressed by childish hands,

Are these wee flowers ;

Picked when the buds are small and pink,

Found under dead leaves, near the brook's brink,

In quiet bowers.

Sought for by maidens, young and fair,

Sought to adorn their waving hair,

For one to greet ;

Blushing to hear the loved one say,

Smoothing curls from her brow away,

"Thou art more sweet."

Found by the sick one's weary bed,

Treasured till sweetness all is fled,

Then thrown away.

Emblem of life, so fair and sweet,

Till the Destroyer's hastening feet,

Fade the bright day.

Wept o'er by aged ones and gray,

Nearing the close of life's brief day,

Murmuring soft,

"I was once just as fresh and pure ;
Sorrow did ne'er my heart allure ;
Now it comes oft."

Laid in the hand of one who, blest,
Freed from all sorrow, is at rest,
With tranquil brow ;
Once full of beauty, life, and love,
But, in the regions far above,
As lovely now.

Trailing Arbutus, matchless fair,
Filling with fragrance sweet the air,
Be thou our guide ;
Teach us to be as meek and mild,
As thou art now, so fresh and wild,
Spring's purest bride !

Composed in 1877.

THE DESIRE OF TO-DAY.

IF some good angel should take my hand,
Over me stretch a magic wand,
Saying, "Whatever your wish may be,
But speak, and it shall be granted thee ;"
If this good angel should cross my way,
And my heart feel the same as it does to-day,
I would ask not for honor, wealth, or fame,
Or friends to love and revere my name ;
I would ask not that beauty in all its grace,

Might sweetly rest upon my face ;
Or pray that wisdom, in all its power,
Might dwell with me, from hour to hour.
What I would wish in this life to obtain,
Rather than any earthly gain,
Would be a heart that is free from sin :
A heart that has Jesus' peace within.

I would ask not that over the world so wide,
My name might be spoken with honest pride,
Because of some noble deed I had done,
Because from sin many souls I had won :
Or that I might with outstretched hands
Proclaim the Gospel in heathen lands.
All I would ask in this world so wide,
Turning from worldly wishes aside,
Would be, just to do my Father's will,
And only my own little corner fill.

I would not desire that when I die,
My faults might be hidden, my virtues raised high ;
I would ask not that requiem sad be sung,
Or sincere hearts with grief be wrung ;
I would not ask that o'er my grave,
Rare flowers, with rich perfume might wave,
What I would wish, when I leave this world,
To cross Death's river, with sails unfurled,
Would be, that my God, in mercy and love,
Might anchor my barque in the haven above.

January 4, 1879.

"One thing have I desired of the Lord."

YOUR LIFE-WORK.

MANY a blossom, sweet and lovely,
 Blooms within a lonely spot,
Far up mountain, or in thicket
 Where the human eye sees not.

Where no hand is stretched to gather,
 Or to count the petals fair,
When there's none to breathe the perfume,
 That it spreads throughout the air,

Where there's no sound save the loud wind,
 Sighing, moaning, day and night,
Lest the wild hawk 'mid his screaming
 Pauses on his wingéd flight.

But the eye of the Almighty
 Can pervade the hidden spot,
And the rain, the dew, the sunshine
 Show that flower is not forgot.

Sometimes 't is the sweetest flower,
 That is hid from mortal eyes ;
Purest, which without companions,
 Lives and blossoms, fades and dies.

Many an emerald blade of grass
 Helping bless the earth with green,
Filling out its silent mission,
 Is passed by, unknown, unseen.

But the Father, seeing all things,
Blesses it with equal care,
As the flower and spear so tender,
In the garden rich and rare.

Every leaf in the great elm tree
Is protected, nurtured, fed.
Every living thing in nature
Prays—"Give us our daily bread."

Every minute drop of water,
E'en the smallest drop of dew,
By the busy world unnoticed,
Has its duties great or few.

Every leaflet in the branches
Of the great trees, gives us shade ;
Forms the cool and quiet woodland,
And the calm and lovely glade.

Oh, my friend, despondent, lonely,
Do not think your life in vain ;
Oft, the flower drooping in sunshine,
Springeth up in shade again.

Do not say, "My life is useless ;
I am weary and alone ;
Had I given me some grand mission,
Then great good I might have done.'

Look to God : He knows your weakness :
Only trust in Him and rest,
By His Spirit He will teach you
Where to walk—He knowest best.

He has not in His kind wisdom,
Made you for a river, great,
Bearing ships of blessing onward,
Bearing souls to Heaven's gate ;

He intends you for a brooklet,
For the weary passer-by ;
Offer him the cup of water,
For the Master's sake, on high.

Though the least of these, His brethren,
Yet ye do it to Him, still.
All the mission He requires you,
Is to trust and do His will.

1878.

A LOCK OF HAIR.

HIDDEN away where none can see,
Save the young girl, who tenderly
Presses it often to her heart,
Murmuring, "We shall never part."

Lying upon a bed of down,
Dearer to her than monarch's crown,
Rests a soft lock of shining hair—
This is dark brown, but *her's* is fair.

O maiden, as you gaze to-night
On that gift, precious to your sight,
May always it as sacred be
As when thy lover gave it thee.

And when your locks are silver gray,
And you have reached life's closing day,
May he, whose name you love and bless,
Still be your life and happiness.

1877.

LEANING UPON HIS BREAST.

John 13: 23.

I THOUGHT, in my dream, I was toiling hard,
And working for Jesus, too,
For I was weary and faint of heart,
While my burden more heavy grew;
And I said, as I thought of the work to be wrought,
"It is more than I can do!"

While I was trembling 'neath my load,
And longing, yes, praying for rest,
A friend, then unknown, came softly to me,
And his hand on my brow was pressed,
And then I knew that He gently drew
My aching head to His breast.

I can not describe the peace it brought,
But I gazed in His face so bright
With love for me, His troubled child,
And my burden grew easy and light.
Then I knew it was He who had died for me:
My Savior of love and might.

I took up my work with a smile and a song,
As I thought how sweet it must be
To live and work with Christ at my side,
And when tried, to His bosom flee.
I awoke from my sleep, and for joy did weep,
For the blessing that came to me.

January, 1879.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

THE way is hard ; why walk therein ?
Why tread the dangerous path of sin ?
Your feet are torn and bleeding now :
Despair is settling on your brow :
You have not long been walking here ;
You're not so hardened that the tear
Of deep repentance does not start,
As sorrow fills your wayward heart.
Turn back while you are called to-day !
Turn back, oh, sinner, while you may !
Come, while the God of mercy waits :
Come, there is entrance at the gates.
You're bound by iron chains, you say,
You can not break from them away ?
Then look to Him who breaks the bands
Of sinners : See ! His wounded hands
Are stretched in tenderest love to thee ;
He longs to set the prisoner free.

MY ROOM.

I AM sitting in the twilight,
In my quiet upper room,
Gazing on the hurrying passers,
Through the gathering gloom ;
Just as I have sat so oft
In the twilight, gray and soft,
In my quiet room.

Then to glance within, around me :
So I turn my gaze to-night,
Upon each familiar object,
And it is a pleasing sight ;
Everything is clean and neat,
To my sight—'tis this I greet,
In my tidy room.

Shall I try to picture roughly
How it looks, and shall I tell
Why I wish to write about it?
Why I love it well?
And the reason that I sigh
When I think I'll by and by
Leave my pretty room?

First the picture, and 't is simple :
There 's my wide and snowy bed,
With its pillows, where I 've often
Lain a weary head :
Then the curtains, thin and white,
Keeping not the gentle light
From my cosy room.

By the window stands a bureau,
And not more than "ten inch high,"
With a little rocker, relics
Of the days gone by,
When, with all my dollies gay,
I have played from day to day
In my childhood's room.

Here before me stands my table,
And my desk—what treasures lie
There concealed—my humble writings!
Some have met no other eye
Than my own: shall never
Till I've gone forever
From my secret room.

There's another bureau also,
With its treasures laid away
For a home in the near future,
All my own to call, some day;
When with half a sigh
Leave I, by and by,
My long cherished room.

Ornaments are few and simple,
Yet it is as dear to me,
As if all its walls were frescoed,
And its floor were tapestry.
All because it's mine, you see,
That is why it's dear to me,
My own little room

Here in silence have I often
Knelt alone in earnest prayer,
And as often found a blessing,
By the bedside kneeling there,
And, with faith unbroken,
Grasped the heavenly token—
'Tis a sacred room.

Soon will come the day when I shall
Bid my childhood's home adieu,
But to change it for another,
And another life pursue ;
So I think I will not sigh
When I bid a last good-by
To my girlhood's room.

June, 1880.

TWO FACES.

TWO little faces are near me to-night :
Two little faces I see as I write :
Little faces full of sweetness and love,
Little angel faces, shining above :
And my heart in tender love doth twine
Round my husband's sweet little sister, and mine.

Dear little Hattie : Ah ! God above knows
How my heart with yearning love o'erflows,
As I gaze upon my sister's face,
So full of innocence and grace,
While memory goes back to that sad day,
When her gentle spirit passed away.

I should not have called it so dark and sad,
Though the sorest grief I ever had ;
To her 't was the opening of purer love,
Into endless joy in the Home above,
And though our hearts so throbbed with pain,
We knew our loss was to her a gain.

I miss her now, and can not but feel
Her presence around me doth gently steal,
As I kneel at morn and night in prayer,
Or busy myself with each daily care.
I sometimes think that from Heaven she is lent,
And on errands of mercy and love is sent.

I often think when the hour shall come
For me to enter that heavenly Home,
She may come for me, an angel sweet,
To show me the way to Jesus' feet,
And there where tears fade from every eye,
We shall dwell forever—my sister and I.

EMMA.

Though many years ago she died,
Yet our hearts are sad to-day,
As we think of her, our darling one,
Who has been so long away.

She was the light of our troubled hearts ;
The sunshine in the room :
Our pride, our treasure, our precious one,
Our comfort in deepest gloom.

But the Angel of Death soon entered the home,
And carried our choicest gem,
Away to the world where spirits dwell,
To be forever with them.

We remember how patiently she bore
The pain through each weary hour,
And how at last she faded away,
Like a lingering summer flower.

We remember the sweet, angelic look,
Which upon her features fell,
As she lay in the loving arms of one
Who had cared for and loved her well.

The motherly face o'er her darling bent :
"You're my sweet little girl," she said,
Then kissed her soft, and drew to her breast
The dear little baby head.

The clear blue eyes were upward raised,
She answered "Yes,"—then as from
An angel the words seemed almost to be,
"But sweeter when Sunday shall come."

Next Sabbath morn, as the bell rang out
Its sacred, solemn knell,
Her gentle spirit soared above,
Forever in sweetness to dwell.

"For I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always
behold the face of my Father."

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

“He that keepeth thee, will not slumber.”

THERE is an Eye that never sleeps,
A Heart that is always true :
That ever in pity and tenderness keeps
A refuge for me and for you.

Though the threatening clouds may lower,
Though fierce may be the gale,
There is an overruling Power,
A Strength that will never fail.

There is a Love, stronger than death,
To us weak mortals given ;
A Love that guards each fleeting breath,
And brings us safe to Heaven.

Though the mountains are rugged and steep,
Though thorny the path may be,
We shall lay us down at last in sleep,
To awake in Eternity.

THE HINDOO GIRL.

FAR away o'er the sea lies the home of the
Hindoo,
A land blest with riches of tropics and pearls ;
But with souls how benighted ! Oh, pity them,
Christians !
Oh, pity the lot of the poor Hindoo girls !

I need not describe it, you know the sad story,
How wretched the huts into which they are born ;
How they live as man's slave, without joy or
affection,
Without hope for the future, dejected, forlorn :
Until death brings release ; and how, eagerly
grasping
That one ray of hope in a miserable life,
They bring to an end the long years of their torture,
Knowing that the hereafter hath not more of
strife.

It is not my desire to repeat the dark story,
Their sufferings reveal and their misery unfold,
But to speak of a blessing now given to the Hindoo,
Of value more precious than silver and gold.

'Tis the gift of a Savior—a blessing most truly ;
How gladly they open their hearts to receive :
Although they, at first, would not list to the message,
They're now willing and eager to hear and believe.

The laborers are few, though the harvest is plenty,
And they who have given their lives to the Lord
And his cause, are now calling to you for assistance ;
Would you have a share in the glorious reward ?

1882.

“ The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.”

THE LILIES.

THE beautiful, beautiful lilies,
So lovely, so fragile and fair,
Are breathing their pure, rich fragrance
Out on the summer air.

I stand by my window at morning,
And watch their white petals unfold,
As they sparkle with pearly dewdrops,
Like vases of crystal and gold ;

And I fancy they whisper a message,
Which I ponder the long day through,
It is this : " If God so clothe the lilies,
Shall He not much more clothe *you* ? "

With the thought that he loveth and careth,
Like the touch of a cooling balm,
There falls on my fevered spirit
The hush of an infinite calm.

And I pray that my life, like the lilies,
May exhale rich fragrance abroad,
Unfolding the heart's frail petals
In the light of a loving God.

Breathe forth Thy fragrance, O Spirit of God,
Into these hearts of ours !
Fill the frail chalice : we only look up
Like the tender summer flowers.

" Consider the lilies of the field, how *they* grow."

THROUGH THE MISTS.

“Until the day dawn, and the shadows flee away.”

WE cannot always be merry and gay;
One cloud may darken the brightest day,
And a mist settle down, like the wings of night,
Till all, all is dark, that once was bright,
And we see not a step of the way.

Yet we can trust, through the darkest hour,
In Him, whose overruling power
Works ever for good, though with unseen hand,
Stilling the winds and waves at command,
Though a threatening tempest lower.

Faith's eye can pierce through the mists above,
And behold the light of a steadfast love,
That will hold us safe from all alarms,
As the mother the tender babe in her arms,
As the Ark the weary dove.

We can feel the clasp of a mighty Hand,
That will hold us safe, till at His command
The mists dispel, and the clouds are riven,
And peace, at last, to the soul is given,
Like the peace of the Better Land.

ONE BY ONE.

"And ye shall be gathered, one by one." ISAIAH 27 : 12.

ONE by one we are passing
Into the Silent Land :
One by one weary footsteps
Draw nearer the golden strand :
But the Father stands waiting to welcome
His children with outstretched hand.

One by one earthly visions
Shall fade from our weary sight :
One by one we shall enter
The mystic Valley of Night :
But O ! the joy that awaits us !
It will lead to the realms of Light !

One by one they are gathered,
Those whom we cherish and love ;
Not lost, only linked with our hearts
In God's chain of compassionate love,
Which binds us all the closer
To the treasures laid up above.

One by one we are passing
Into the Silent Land :
One by one weary footsteps
Draw nearer the golden strand :
But if we only are faithful,
We shall meet, an unbroken band.

June 11, 1883.

HUMILITY.

Tune: Henley.

LOW at Thy feet we kneel, O Heavenly Father :
Here we would lift our waiting hearts to Thee.
Grant us to feel Thy touch of love and healing,
Now while we wait in true humility.

As birds of song who swell the sweetest praises
Build low their nests beneath the grassy mound,
So through earth's twilight keep us, Heavenly
Father,
Low at Thy feet, where perfect rest is found.

Here fill our souls with Thy reviving Spirit ;
Inspire our lips to sing a nobler song ;
Till, at the dawn of that eternal Morning,
We shall arise to join the heavenly throng.

Amen.

THE RIVER.

DOWN by the river, the wide-flowing river,
Two children are frolicking hand in hand,
And they laugh as they watch the sunbeams quiver
About their feet in the golden sand.

They talk of a wee and wonderful fairy,
While they build from the sands a miniature town,
Heeding not how the waves their castles airy
Are slowly but steadily crumbling down.

Down by the river, the mild-flowing river,
Two lovers are whispering, side by side,
Heeding not how the waves in the moonlight shiver,
As a bark floats down with the restless tide.

But they talk of love, while others are sleeping,
And life seems one bright golden dream ;
Then give each the heart to the other's keeping,
As they launch their barque on life's treacherous
stream.

Down the wild river, the swift, rushing river,
A happy pair float on with the tide ;
He smiles as he watches the mad waves shiver ;
She looks in his face and is satisfied.

He gazes afar, in breathless wonder,
Away over the waves' white crest,
And cries, "Think you wealth lies over yonder ?"
But she hushes a babe on her breast :

And I hear her sing of that "Beautiful Land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on its glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll."

Down toward the River, the cold, narrow River,
An aged couple walk, hand in hand,
And they smile as the moonbeams glimmer and
quiver
About their feet in snow-white sand :

And I hear them sing, as they pass from the shore,
Of the "Land that is fairer than day,"
And I say, when I see their forms no more,
"Heaven is not far away!"

TRUE HAPPINESS.

THERE is many a thorn, in the path of life,
Which the weary feet are pressing.
More briars are hidden in human hearts
Than the busy world is guessing.

How often we grasp, with an eager hand,
For the rose that is richest and rarest,
Finding oft, to our sorrow, that piercing thorns
Are hid 'neath the sweetest and fairest !

Perhaps we have said, "Life is cold and untrue,
Its pleasures not worthy the seeking ;
For the rose's perfume will not always repay
For the wound that the thorn is making."

Oh, do not despair ! for life ever is full
Of the richest and purest enjoyment :
The heart that is lightest and gladdest must be
The one seeking noble employment.

Go out in God's meadow and pluck the sweet
flowers ;
The lilies of faith and contentment ;
Some snowdrop of hope, or violet of love,—
It is better than cherish resentment.

And then do not wait till your hands overflow,
But give of your scanty possession :
Your store will increase as you kindly bestow,
And the heart will grow glad in confession.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

“ Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee.”

IF with faltering feet I travel the way,
If through heedlessness I walk astray,
And fall, as I must, oh Lord! I pray,
Leave me not to myself, whatever the cost :
Search me out, as the Shepherd the sheep that was
lost.

Save me out of the depths.

When I sink in the depths of doubt and despair ;
When my spirit is bowed with its burden of care ;
When my heart is too heavy to utter a prayer,
Speak peace, and let fears, like a spectral band,
Depart, as I feel Thy strong right hand
Lift me out of the depths.

When prostrate, I cling to the crumbling dust,
As I give up my treasures—I sometimes must—
When I see not Thy face, but can only trust,
Oh, comfort my heart, though the night be long !
Lift me up ! May I rise, with a smile and a song,
Out of the depths.

And at last when I come to Death's deep, chilling
 wave,
 May I enter so fearless, so trustful, so brave,
 That I feel not its chill and see not its grave;
 Only see, just beyond, the dear lights of Home,
 And Thy welcoming face, as I joyfully come
 Up out of the depths.

May 1, 1884.

A LITTLE WHILE.

What is this that he saith unto us,—“A little while!”
 JOHN 16:17.

A LITTLE while—life's fitful dream will vanish;
 Upon the soul shall rise an Easter dawn,
 And we shall smile, where now we droop and languish,
 For one faint glimpse of that eternal Morn.

A little while—what are our pleasures fleeting?
 What are the storms that often cloud the way,
 Compared with Jesus' kindly word of greeting,
 And one glad sight of Heaven's eternal Day?

What is our life, with oft repeated story
 Of crosses borne and burdens pressing down,
 Compared with that exceeding weight of glory,
 A spotless robe and never-fading crown?

"A little while!" I breathe it over often,
Until the tear-mist blinds—I cannot see—
And yet the path will always smooth and soften
With the glad thought, "He soon will come for
me."

At night I lay me down in peaceful silence,
Clasping the sweet assurance to my breast;
While angels o'er my pillow whisper, "Patience;
The morning cometh soon, and with it Rest."

STATE RALLYING SONG.

O H, we're a loyal temperance band,
Our banners float before us;
We fight for home and every land;
Come, join our happy chorus.

CHORUS.

Prohibition! Strike the note
In every rank and station,
Till our rallying cry shall be
The watchword of our nation.

Our swords of Truth and Purity
We wield to save the dying;
Our bullets are our ballots free;
Some day we'll set them flying.

Though Alcohol may now be king,
Yet we are strong and handy;
We make him tremble when we sing,
"No beer for us, nor brandy."

No league more true, no work more grand,
In all this sin-cursed region :
Then give three cheers, with voice and hand,
For the Loyal Temperance Legion.

SIXTY-FIRST PSALM.

Tune: Dennis.

L ORD, hearken to my cry,
My humble prayer attend ;
Let me but feel Thy presence nigh,
And all my care shall end.

When overwhelmed by grief,
When earthly comforts flee,
In that high Rock I find relief ;
That Rock was cleft for me.

My Refuge, Lord, Thou art,
My strong and mighty Tower ;
Defend me from the tempter's dart,
Sustain me by Thy power.

Help me Thy praise to sing,
For Thou hast heard my vow :
And grant me shelter 'neath Thy wing
Forevermore as now.

SUNDAY, November 25, 1889.

LEND A HAND.

DO you know the strength of a helping hand?
Have you ever felt the power
Of a human clasp that was tender and strong
In some dark and terrible hour?

Can you ever forget when the one you loved
Slipped away to the better land,
How you clung in your utter helplessness
To a sympathizing hand?

For it seemed almost, as it held you close,
Like the grasp of the Hand divine:
And you said, though you wept, "God loves, and
knows
What is best for me and mine."

Then you tried to be cheerful, brave, and strong,
Though your heart was aching sore:
But there came a day when your courage failed,
And you felt you could bear no more;

Then a friend came in from over the way,
And somehow she smoothed the skein
Of life's tangled threads,—you never knew how—
And you took up the burden again.

"She has done so much for me!" you said.
So much, and yet how small
A thing is the clasp of the hand
And a few kind words,—that is all!

That is all, and that little all may yield :

Kind words are easily given.

Whoever will lighten another's woe

Will find a reward in Heaven.

Think how much brighter this world would be

If each would do his part !

Who can measure the good if we only lend,

With the helping hand, the heart !

HYMN.

Tune : Missionary Chant.

FATHER of Love, whose goodness still
Prolongs our lives and guards our ways,
We meet with grateful hearts to fill
The passing hour with hymns of praise.

Cleanse from our souls all secret sin ;

Upon us place the heavenly seal ;

Grant we may know Thy voice within,

And Thine abiding presence feel.

Help us Thy tender flock to feed,

To teach Thy truth with patient care ;

The wandering feet to gently lead

From thorny paths to pastures fair.

Like incense rising to the skies,

So shall our praise to Thee ascend ;

Accept this grateful sacrifice

And guide us till our day shall end.

CHILDREN'S DAY IN HEAVEN.

'T IS Children's Day : the summer hours
Are laden with the breath of flowers,
And songs of praises fill the air
To Him who made our world so fair.

Yet, mingling with the glad refrain,
We hear an undertone of pain ;
For sorrow holds its sacred sway
Even upon the Children's Day.

Our days are fair as days may be :
Our earth is beautiful to see :
Yet o'er each life the shadows fall,
And sorrow is the lot of all.

As surely as the year rolls round,
Bereavement in some class is found.
'Tis ours to grieve, and well we may,
For she was here last Children's Day.

The fragrant lilies which we bring
Are childhood's tender offering :
They, in their loveliness, will be
Sweet symbols of her purity.

Where she abides there is no gloom :
There, fairest flowers immortal bloom.
There, endless springs of joy arise,—
Our Lizzie dwells in Paradise.

It is not strange that in those bowers
God plants the fairest, frailest flowers,
For they would fade amid earth's glare :
'T is so much safer over there !

It is not strange so many go,
Because the Shepherd loves them so.
Where they their Father's face behold,
He leads them in that upper fold.

Dear Lizzie ! If she might come near
To speak with us, and could we hear,
I think that she would sweetly say,—
“ In Heaven 't is always Children's Day.”

THE CELESTIAL PSALM.

UNTO the King eternally
A psalm of praise ascends :
A wave of holy harmony
That never, never ends.

It fills the courts of Paradise,
It floods its portals fair :
Its mighty hallelujahs rise
From saints and seraphs there.

The ransomed sinner joins his song
With those made pure by pain,
And children, 'mid the white-robed throng,
Unite in sweet refrain.

As ocean's deep responds to deep,
As heart to heart replies,
So answereth Heaven's choirs, and keep
Immortal symphonies.

The vast celestial universe,
Each satellite and sun,
Their Maker's faithfulness rehearse,
And swift their courses run.

Shall morning stars together sing
Our great Redeemer's worth,
And man withhold his offering?
Shall silent be the earth?

Nay! As it is in Heaven and skies
May His sweet will be done:
And never-ceasing praise arise
As incense to the Throne.

From dewy morn till shadowy eve,
Amid earth's strife and pain:
From cheerful hearts and hearts that grieve
Ascends that holy strain.

Christ the celestial theme commands,
Controls each changeful key:
He sways the music with His hands,
And all is harmony.

All through the day the song goes on;
It cannot wholly die,
For strains by mortal lips begun
Are answered in the sky.

As echoes to the voice reply,
As mind responds to mind,
Earth's symphonies, in song and sigh,
Responsive measures find.

All through the night it still ascends,
A sweet, triumphant strain,
And He who guides the music bends
Above each couch of pain.

Dear souls, to you is given alway
The privilege to sing,
As only they who suffer may :
'Tis sacred to the King.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Tune : America.

FATHER, our Heavenly King,
Accept our offering
Of life and youth ;
Now while our hymn we raise,
Help us Thy name to praise,
For Thou hast crowned our days
With peace and truth.

For mercies of the year,
Gladly we gather here
Thy name to bless ;
Seed which our hands have sown
To ripening fruit has grown ;
Do Thou the future crown
With true success.

Father, our souls inspire,
Fill us with one desire,
 Banish our fears ;
Send us a gracious shower
Of blessing at this hour,
Then shall we own thy power
 In coming years.

May every heart and hand
Of this, our Christian Band,
 United move ;
Strengthened with holy might,
Stand valiant for the right,
Till, in Thy glorious sight,
 We meet above.

HARVEST HYMN.

Tune : Hursley.

WE gather here this Sabbath hour,
With joyful hope and grateful cheer,
While falling leaf and faded flower
 Proclaim the harvest of the year.

The summer days have passed away ;
Now, 'mid the falling of the leaves,
We meet with lowly heart to pray
 For blessings on the ripened sheaves.

We know we cannot toil in vain ;
That noble deeds can never die ;
Though here we may not reap the grain,
 'T is treasured for eternity.

Our Heavenly Father, kind and true,
Whose gracious hand supplies our need,
Has known the work we strove to do,
And seen the motive with the deed.

Lord of the harvest, while we meet
To sing thy praise and honor here,
Low, and in silence at thy feet,
We lay the garner of the year.

A MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

INFINITE Heart of God, oh, hide me!
Lift me up out of self, and safely guide me!
The way was dark; I stumbled, fell;
Father, it hurt me, and I cannot tell
Which way to go, so dark the midnight gloom:
Give me Thy loving hand, and lead me home.

Infinite Heart of God, forgive me!
Once more into Thy confidence receive me.
As mother-love forgets a childish wrong,
And soothes its grief away with smile and song,
So once more grant me peace instead of pain;
In Thine Almighty Arms take me again!

Infinite Heart of God, enfold me!
Kind hand of love and mercy, mould me
Until my image more like Thine has grown,
Until my restless will blends with Thine own;
Until I ask in earth or Heaven above
Naught dearer than Thine everlasting love.

Infinite Heart of Love, enfold me !
I cannot keep myself ; oh, hold me
By Thine Almighty, saving power :
Bear me upon Thy bosom hour by hour,
And if it be I feel Thy chastening rod,
Thy will be done, Eternal Heart of God !

PEARLS OF PEACE.

(An acrostic.)

PEARLS of sweet peace from the Bible I gather ;
Entwine them, my soul, in a garland to-day,
Around some heart who vainly is seeking
Refreshment from pleasures born but to decay.
Lovingly, tenderly, bind them about thee,
Sorrowing one, seeking comfort in vain.

Oh, may thy soul, from its all-soothing presence,
Find full release from its anguish and pain !

Peace like a river, so perfect, so tranquil,
Endless and steadfast, eternal and sure.
Angels have chanted, in musical measure,
Carols to earth of this God-given treasure,
Ever of peace for the trustful and pure.

Matthew 13:45, 46.

August, 1886.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Inscribed to the memory of our beloved leader, Iram Smith.)

'TIS harvest time. From the far, western hills
Fadeth at last the faintest sunset gleam.
Down in the dusky moorlands shadows loom
Like spectral phantoms, seen and now unseen.
Up from the meadows, wide-waving, golden,
Borne on the breeze, is heard the reapers' song;
Wearied, indeed, yet joyful they return,
Bearing their sheaves, and chanting,
"Harvest Home!"

Lights gleam from cottage windows, and beside
The door still stands the good wife, silently
Waiting to greet the harvester's return.
And as they come, lo! o'er the purple hills,
Rising majestic, shines the harvest moon.
The shadows flee away, while one by one
Bright stars appear, which seem in turn to say,
"We welcome the worn laborer's return."
How cheerful glow the fires from cottage hearths!
How kind the dear home faces seem to-night,
As 'round the board, in happy converse, meet
Youth and old age, in merry, glad accord.
Forgotten now the day's incessant toil:
Their sheaves are gathered in, their work is done,
And rest, sweet rest, rewards the laborer.

'Tis harvest time. The rich, ripe golden grain
Is bending 'neath the chill October wind.

The busy reapers, faithful, brave, and strong,
Are gathering with care life's precious sheaves.
And ever and anon fresh workers join
The vast, almost innumerable throng ;
While, one by one, those who have served their task
The sickle lay aside, and calmly bear
Their sheaves into the Land of just reward.
At morn, at noon, and at the eventide
The message comes, " Most blest forevermore,
Lay down the sickle, for your work is done."

Among the faithful workers there was one
Who many years had taught the younger ones.
His gentle tones, his counsels calm and clear,
From memory can never be effaced.
His was a never-failing store, it seemed,
Of wisdom and of Christian sympathy.
He freely gave, and freely he received
Supplies from Him, the living Fountain-head.

There came a time when he could toil no more :
When his kind Master bade him rest awhile
In the dim valley till the summons came.
Like patient Job, his faith remained unmoved.
He was content to abide the path of pain
If it must be God's will, and yet he knew
That loved ones waited at the heavenly gate.

At length the message came. Lo ! o'er the gloom
There rose majestic, calm, a heavenly light :
And myriad angels, by this world unseen,
Bearing him onward, chanted " Harvest Home !"

The shadows flee away, and one by one
Bright forms appear to welcome his return.
How sweet at last the dear home-faces seem !
How endless is the peace his spirit knows !
Forgotten now the hours of ceaseless pain ;
His sheaves are garnered in : his work is done.
Rest, blissful rest, rewards the laborer.

“Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the time has come for thee to reap.” Rev. 14 : 15.

October, 1885.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

“And thou shalt call his name Jesus.”

RING out, O Christmas bells !
Spread far and wide the joyous tale ;
Ring out, ye bells, o'er hill and dale,
The glad, sweet story, ever new :
“A Savior, Christ, is born to you.”
Ring, happy bells, ring out again,
“Peace upon earth, good will to men.”

Ring out, O Christmas bells !
Tell the glad news to the high and lowly ;
Echo the song of the angels, holy,—
“A Savior, Christ, is born to you.”
Gift of all gifts, so rich and true ;
Ring out, that all may hear the story :
“Jesus has come with the Father's glory.”



“UNCLE DENNIS ”

Ring out, O Christmas bells !
Till grateful hearts in every clime
Shall blend in song with your sweet chime,
And join the angels' song of praise,
While they repeat through endless days,
"Glory to God in the highest, glory !
Glory to God for the Christmas story !"

December, 1883.

LAKEVILLE.

A MONG green meadows, woods, and hills,
Among sweet ferns, fair lakes, and rills,
A farmhouse stands, with its doorstep wide,
And the lilacs are growing on either side.
It was part of a century ago—
How large a part we hardly know—
A chapel reared its stately wall
Beside the road, serene and tall,
And every Sabbath morn and night
Its bell rang out in loud delight.
But the church grew old, as churches will,
And there came a time when the belfry was still ;
The moss grew unhindered about the door,
And the voice of the pulpit was heard no more.
Then a thrifty farmer obtained the land,
And soon, with his energetic hand,
Tore down the old chapel with steady toil,
Mowed the wide fields and ploughed the soil,
Making his home in this quiet place,

And welcoming all with a shining face.
On the page of the past there's no line more clear
Than that which tells of his honest cheer ;
And no soul more lovely, in life or death,
Than that beautiful one, Aunt Elizabeth.
Fond memory closes its eyes, and sees
The same old pulpit out under the trees,
Where sermons, impromptu and wondrous wise,
Were preached to the birds and butterflies.
We were children then, as hand in hand
We wandered over the meadow-land :
But the dreams of youth with the years have flown,
And the children's children have homes of their own,
Yet the dear old grandpa they never forget,
And the smile on *his* face it is lingering yet.
He laughs when we tell him he would n't dare
To give us "a penny for every white hair,"
For they lie on his brow like the drifting snow ;
His figure is bowed, and his step it is slow,
But we feel, whenever we speak his name,
That dear Uncle Dennis is just the same.
So, deep in our heart of hearts we hold
The memory of him who never grows old.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

THE red says, Do right ;
The white says, Be pure ;
The blue says, Be true, be true, be faithful and
endure.

A SIGH AND A SONG.

(Upon the death of my friend Gertrude.)

I STOOD among the dead leaves, sere and brown ;
The north wind smote me with her chilling
breath,

Sending more faded leaflets fluttering down,
While all around bespoke decay and death.
The grassy mead where once the daisies smiled
Was dreary now, was desolate and wild.
Above me barren branches seemed to sigh
A sad farewell to the departing year ;
While from the dark and ever-leaden sky
Upon me fell a raindrop, like a tear :
And as I listened to the bare boughs' moan,
I grieved because the summer days had flown.
But while I mused to watch the leaflets lie
Withered and lifeless, scattered at my feet,
I was aroused from my sad reverie
By a glad burst of music, wild yet sweet.
I raised mine eyes, and lo ! a feathered throng
Had filled the trees with life, the air with song.
I could but listen to their cheering strain :
It soothed my spirit like a vesper chime.
They told me flowers would spring again,
That even now they bloomed in southern clime.
They sang, "A few short months, and earth will
smile
Anew : be patient for a little while."

* * * * *

I stood amid the shadows, dark and chill,

Where youth's fair hopes lay crushed beneath the sod.
I wept because my flower had drooped, and still
I knew above me lived a pitying God.
A fragile flower had faded at the breath
Of winter's chill : they told me this was Death.

I stood beside her as she lay asleep,—
My gentle friend, so sweetly sleeping now.
I could but think, although I fain would weep,
How bright the crown resting upon her brow !
How blessed her release from suffering and pain !
How small my loss beside her glorious gain !
Oh, lonely hearts, who mourn bereft to-night,
Above the tear-mist hanging close between,
Beyond our grief, where all is love and light,
Are heard angelic songs from choirs just now
unseen.

Can we not catch, though faint, a far-off strain
To soothe our hearts in their dull, throbbing pain ?
They sing of Heaven, of immortality,
Of Him who to your lonely hearts hath said,
“Like as a father, so I pity thee.
Let not your heart be troubled or afraid,
For in my Father's House are mansions blest.
Come unto Me and I will give you rest,”
Listen, sad soul, and hearing this, believe
A rest remaineth for us by and by ;
We know it is not all of life to live :
Surely for her it was not death to die.
Now in that Home, where sin shall ne'er beguile,
She waits for you. Be patient for a little while.

November, 1885.

THE EAGLE.

DID you ever think of that wonderful bird,
The bird of the mountain crest ;
How that safe in the cleft of a sheltered crag
She buildeth her lofty nest ?

How she broodeth over her tender young,
And feedeth them when they cry ;
And how, on the strength of her mighty wings,
She pierces the upper sky ?

How she descends to the valley low
And pounces upon her prey,
Holding it fast with relentless grasp,
Then bears it in triumph away ?

She is queen of her tribe : few dare molest
The haunt of the eagle bold ;
While dwelling far in the mountain air,
The length of her days is untold.

'Tis said when this mother bird would teach
Her tender young to fly,
She stirreth and teareth her nest away,
Then beareth them up on high.

And then, when the mountain cloud hangs low,
Returns with those helpless things,
And, safe in the covert of rocky crag,
She covers them with her wings.

Did you ever think how the mighty God
To the eagle Himself has compared,
In that sheltering love that guards its own
As the bird for her own has cared?

Just as the eagle, with pinions spread,
Shelters the young in her nest,
So with His feathers He covers thee;
So under His wings shalt thou rest.

When in the conflict of Christian life
We struggle and faint and sigh,
Then on the strength of His mighty arm
The spirit soars on high;

For when we cling to these earthly stores,
The treasures that rust and decay,
He takes from our grasp those hindering things
As the bird tears her nest away.

Then safe in the Rock that was cleft for all
Jehovah His children doth keep,
And secure at last 'neath His sheltering wing,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

“As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him.”

AN APRIL LESSON.

I SAT alone by my window,
One chilly April morn ;
My mind was filled with many cares,
And my heart was indeed forforn.

A cloud of untimely snowflakes
Came pelting against the pane,
Till it seemed indeed that Winter old
Had lengthened his icy chain.

The tender crocus which had dared
To peep from its sheltered bed,
Was lying, a crushed and broken thing,
Helpless and frozen and dead.

"Ah, me !" I said, "will faded hope,
Like the crocus ne'er blossom again ;
Or lift its head like the daffodil,
And in sunshine forget its past pain ?"

A flock of birds, that yesterday
Sang sweet in the sunshine warm,
Fluttered hither and thither, as though
They would flee from the chilling storm.

There were some who did not seem to heed
The thickly gathering snow ;
They had weathered many a wintry blast,
And knew just where to go.

But one little robin, who yesterday
Emerged from his winter's nook,
Fluttered about from limb to limb,
With rapid and eager look.

At last his bright black eye espied
A spot 'neath a rustic seat,
Where sheltered from the drifting snow
He found a warm, snug retreat.

I watched him shaking his tufted head
And pluming his feathers gay,
Then patiently settle himself to wait
Till the storm had passed away.

I smiled to myself, and I said, "Dear bird,
So safe from the cold and wet,
You have taught me a lesson, this dreary morn,
That I shall not soon forget."

Then I heard him twitter and chirp and sing,
And I said, "Sing on, sweet bird,
While I will join in your melody
With a song you never heard."

"In the secret of his pavilion
In trouble He shall hide;
In the secret of His presence safe,
There shall my soul abide.

"Rest in the Lord, my soul, oh, rest!
Though the path be rough and dim:
Rest in the Lord, my soul, and then
Wait patiently for Him."

April, 1886.

MOTHERHOOD.

Dedicated to my sister.

MOTHER, you are weary now ; all day long,
From early morn, your busy feet have trod
In duty's path. Your heart and mind were full
Of care and anxious fear, lest from your lack
Of constant faithfulness the little ones
Should run astray in oft forbidden paths.
Your boy, with heart so loyal and so kind
When touched by mother-love and sympathy !
You know so well where lie his faults, and none
But you so easily may guard his feet
From luring paths which oft entice his steps.
Oh, if that mother-hand could always guide !
The little maiden, shy yet so winsome,
So trustful and confiding, yet withal,
So helpless in her innocence ! You sigh,
And say, " I fear that very trustfulness,
That unsuspicion of the world's deceit,
May cause sad heartache in her young, sweet life."
You long to keep her innocent, and still
Can scarce refrain from saying,

" Little one,

The world is not as loyal as my love !"
A little child is clinging at your gown,
Or begging to be held. He thinks, forsooth,
You've naught to do but serve his majesty :
That he is king ; and so indeed he is,—
The precious little one ! Ah, hold him close,
And thank God for him !

For in after years,
When you are bowed in weakness, and the snows
Of many winters have o'erpassed your head,
Leaving their impress in thin, silvery locks
(A crown of glory on your patient brow),
That little child now full of helplessness,
Who cost you many a long, restless night,
Many a heartache and anxiety,
May be your pride and strength.

You will forget
Those weary hours, while leaning on his arm,
So gallant, safe, and strong. You're young again :
Your features lighten with a girlish smile
When, introducing you to worthy friends,
He takes your wrinkled hand in his, and says,
In accents firm and reverent, "My Mother."

But you are weary now ; all through the day
Their busy, restless feet and prattling tongues
Made wild confusion in the nursery ;
And yet, whene'er you sought vainly to check
Their shouts of noisy merriment, you thought,
"I will not chide the happy little things,
Nor mar their pleasure. God gives youth but once."
Now they are sleeping ; their wee hands folded
Like the fair lily-buds at eventide,
Who, without thought, in their simplicity
Await the first soft kiss of morning light.
Sweet buds ! Oh, trustful little ones, we learn
A sacred lesson o'er your cribs to-night !
'Tis said by one, "The hand the cradle rocks,

Doth rule the world," and if this thought be true,
Then honored be thy sway, queen Motherhood !
Patience, tired mother. He who paints the flowers
In rainbow tints of matchless hue, who carves
The crystal lilies, and who cares for them,
Who counts the sparrows, and who marks their fall,
Will not forget your faithful work of love.
To those who have no might He giveth strength,
Not for to-morrow, only "as thy day."
Then cast your care upon Him: trust His strength:
Be faithful through to-day, and leave the rest,
The past, the dim to-morrow, to His care.
My fancy faintly pictures a glad scene
In that fair land where crowns of life are given:
"Where loyal hearts and true" stand in the light
Of Christ, the Lamb, to whom their praises rise.
I see bright crowns of dazzling brilliancy,
Crowns of the martyrs, and of those who toiled
In God's wide mission-field: who sacrificed
Their lives for one great purpose, grandly wrought.
And others, who in quiet ways had used
Their time and talent for one noble aim,—
The good of man. It seems they were, indeed,
Surprised at their exceeding great reward.
Oh, there are brilliant crowns innumerable
My language fails describe! but there is one!
(Aye, many like it) which mine eye discerns,
So radiant is its beauty, yet I see
No sparkling gem which marks the brilliancy.
But as I note its radiance, and the *face*,
So sweetly shining 'neath its light, I ask,

"Who bears the palm? And what the cross she bore?"

And a voice answers,

"That bright diadem
Is resting on a faithful mother's brow."

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. 2 : 10.

CONSECRATION.

"Consecrate yourselves to-day unto the Lord."—DEUT. 32 : 29.

I CONSECRATE myself to Thee, Jesus, my King,
'Tis but a false and fickle life I have to bring:
A heart grown tired, striving to win
Victory o'er self and secret sin.
I come at last before the open door,
Come where I know I might have come before :
Weary with struggle, ending in defeat,
Weak from the conflict, finding no retreat,
To lay my burden down before Thy feet.

How long, O Lord, before I learn to see
There is no strength or worthiness in me?
How many failures, ere I know
One step alone I cannot go?
That day by day, yea, even hour by hour,
I need to claim anew Thy saving power?
How many burdens will I seek to bear
When Thou hast said, "My child, cast *all* your care
Upon My heart; trust me, and leave it there?"

I know I cannot claim Thy keeping power,
Except by trusting in Thee, hour by hour ;
Drawing, each moment, as it flies,
Fresh faith from Thee, and fresh supplies
Of strength and grace. And then, what need I fear ?
Why doubt and tremble when Thou art so near ?
Why shun the path, since Thou wilt walk with me ?
I will not shrink, but give up all to Thee.
Keep me, my Saviour, through eternity.

I dedicate my powers to Thee, Jesus, my King,
Oh, sanctify, and then accept my offering !
All that I am, all that I hope to be,
Is gift but small, my Lord, to offer Thee.
Sun of my Soul, shine forth upon my heart !
Arouse my powers : illumine every part !
Inspire my thoughts, and let me speak or sing,
Or write as Thou shalt dictate : offering
My heart's best love to Thee, Jesus, my King !

May 31, 1885.

FLOWER MISSION.

GO, tender flowers. Unto you it is given
To bear to the lonely this message of cheer :
“We are God's thoughts, like the angels from
heaven ;
God thought of you, too, that is why we are here.”

June, 1890.

ANNIE HART.

WHEN the winter winds were sighing,
In December's midnight chill,
When the old, old year was dying,
And the slumbering world was still,
By the bedside of their treasure,
Watching every fluttering breath,
Sat the watchers, in the presence
Of the Reaper we call Death.

As the long hours glided onward,
Sad they watched the New Year dawn,
But no gleam of hope or promise
Ushered in the New Year morn.
With the daylight's slow declining,
Entered there an unseen Guest,
And he laid his icy fingers
On the pulses of her breast.

Then they closed the drooping eyelids,
Gently smoothed her waving hair,
While the bitter tears were falling
In her face, so sweet and fair.
And they said, "She sleeps in Jesus;
Blessed sleep—oh, blessed rest!"
Praying still for help to whisper,
"God is love, and knoweth best."

Fragile as an Easter lily,
But as fair, as pure, as sweet,
Breathed she forth her life in fragrance,
Blooming at the Master's feet.

He has plucked His fragrant lily
From its slender, earthly stem,
But to place it as a jewel
In His royal diadem.

Do not say she sleeps forever :
Gentle Annie is not dead ;
Even now she lives in Heaven,
For the blessed Lord hath said,
“ Maid, arise ! ” And in His likeness,
Even now, she ’s satisfied.
“ Hid with Christ,” oh, weeping mourner,
Do not say that she has *died* !

“ And He took her by the hand, saying, ‘ Maid, arise ! ’ ”

January 1, 1885.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

“ Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.”

DEAR little baby (sweet, innocent thing)
Lies with her head on my breast,
Gazing up into my face as I sing,
As I sing her away to rest.
“ Hush thee, my baby ; list to my song :
The arms that hold cannot hold very long,
But the love I give you is, oh, so strong ! ”

She rests, content on my bosom to lie,
But the arms get weary, and by and by
I lay her down in her cradle to sleep,
While sitting beside her, a kind watch to keep,

I sing, "Sleep, my babe, though the night be long,
I will stay close beside you and sing you this song :
The love that I give you is, oh, so strong !"

I cannot but measure the love of God
By my human love ; 't is so deep and broad
That I rest on His bosom without one fear,
While He tenderly whispers within my ear,
"Hush, my child : I will keep thee from wrong ;
The way may be rough, may be dark and long,
But the love I give you is, oh, so strong !"

Oh, the Arms of the Father they never tire !
He will hold me as long as my heart doth desire,
And lull my soul to the sweetest rest,
Upon His mighty, loving breast,
And sing to me in a matchless song,
"The night may be dreary, and dark and long,
But the love I give you is, oh, so strong !"

January, 1883.

HOLY DAY.

"And He said unto them, 'Ye shall drink indeed of My cup.'"

SWEET was the hour at Holy Day.
I knelt beside the altar, and received
The sacred emblems of our risen Lord.
My soul was filled with joy and confidence,
And when my Savior whispered, "Lovest Me?
And lovest Me more than all thine earthly loves?"

My heart responded, "Yea, Thou knowest, Lord,
Thou knowest my heart, my all, is wholly Thine ;
That naught shall come between Thy love and mine ;
Not life, nor death, nor things seen or unseen,—
Nothing can separate me from my Lord.
No sacrifice, O Christ, can be too great ;
No gift too precious to withhold from Thee ;
For mine, are they not Thine, Thine own to give,
And to require again ? I can but trust
In Thy dear love—I know Thy will is best."

I rose, and I went forth : my cup was full
Of joy, for I rejoiced in the great love
I bore my Lord. I felt that He had blessed
And smiled upon me, though I knew not why,
And given me that peace which passeth not away.
Oh, false and faithless heart, to lose its trust !
Oh, fickle love, that could not bear the test !
Like the disciple who denied his Lord,
I hide my blushing face in bitter tears ;
For one deep, wounded look from Him I love
Hath shown me all my guilt and faithlessness.
He did not take from me my choicest gifts :
He did not send affliction or disease.
Methinks, perhaps, that if it had been thus,
I would have been more brave : for with the rod
That chastened me I might have seen His hand,
And seeing Him, have kissed it, as I said,
" My Lord, my Love, I trust Thee, though I die !"
He asked of me a little sacrifice ;
A giving up of pleasure for His sake,
And not for His alone—I see it now,—

For as I lifted up the cross, beneath
I found a sparkling jewel, wondrous rare ;
A gem of beauty, which, if guarded well,
Will one day shine in my immortal crown.
But at the first I would not see it thus :
I saw my cross that I must bear with pain
And self-denial. In my wilfulness
I cried, " O Lord, I cannot bear *this* cross ! "

* * * * *

Calm was the hour at Holy Day.
I knelt beside the altar, and again
Received the sacred emblems of His death.
My heart was filled with trembling, for I felt
That I, among His followers, was the one
Who, though in secret, had denied the Lord.
But when I drank His sacrificial blood,
" I shrink not back," I said, " but take the cup
Thou givest me, and drink it to the bitter dregs,
For if Thy hand but gives it, it is well ! "

And He who knows our frame, knows it is dust ;
Knows how in weakness oft the flesh doth fail,
E'en when the spirit seemeth strong to bear,
Forgave me failing flesh and doubting heart,
Forgave, yea, with free and full forgiveness.
Relying on His strength for my support,
I rose in peace, in restful, calm content,
Trusting in self no longer ; but that love,
That mighty love, that ever shall endure.

AFTER AWHILE.

"After that ye have suffered awhile."—I PETER 5: 10.

AFTER the heated day,
Soft twilight calm ;
After its weariness,
Night's soothing balm.

After the storm-cloud,
Sunshine again ;
After discordance,
Harmony's strain.

After the bitterness
Marah must bring,
Cometh the sweetness
Of Elim's spring.

After the heavy loss,
Cometh the gain :
Joy, rest, and comfort,
After the pain.

After the bondage,
Songs of the free :
After the failure,
Glad victory.

After repentance
Over the sin,
Free, full forgiveness,
Sweet peace within.

After life's burdens,
Pressing so sore,
Then "Alabama,"—
Rest evermore.

After the struggle,
The Father's smile :
Welcome, Heaven's welcome,
After awhile.

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

"And he said unto them, 'Go ye also into my Vineyard.'"

WHAT wilt Thou have me do, O Lord ?
I have heard Thee calling to-night,
"Go forth, go forth and gather in ;
The fields for the harvest are white.
The summer is ended, the laborers are few :
There is work for all. There is work for you."
Oh, what will Thou *have* me to do ?

What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord ?
Will it be the work of my choice ?
Doing that part I would gladly do,
Or shall I await Thy voice,
Calling perhaps in the noontide heat,
Or bidding me sit in the lowest seat
To do Thy will as I wait at Thy feet ?

What wilt *Thou* have me to do, O Lord?
The prayer is sincere which I ask.
I dare not trust in myself alone
To choose such responsible task.
If Thou but illumine my lamp, 't will shine
Tho' small may it be. O Master divine,
I will suffer all choice in this work to be Thine.

What wilt Thou have *me* to do, O Lord?
Thou knowest how weak are my powers;
But Thou knowest too there is much I can do
In the midst of my busiest hours.
The noble efforts of others I see:
They are doing grand work in the vineyard for
Thee,
But I know Thou hast something for even me.

What wilt Thou have me to *do*, O Lord?
As I join the laboring band?
Will it be the binding of precious sheaves
Fresh from the reaper's hand?
Or, shall I follow with lowly mind,
The path quite alone, and only bind
A few which the others have left behind?

What *wilt* Thou have me to do, O Lord?
Thy will is the wisest and best.
Wherever Thou leadest, the way must be right,
And in that thought I will rest.
The work which Thou givest, I'll undertake,
And though I may falter and make mistake,
Thou wilt surely accept it for Jesus' sake.

ONE YEAR AGO.

YOU were sitting by the window here,
Only a year ago:
You folded me in a warm embrace,
I pressed a kiss on your dear, sweet face,
And to-day you are gone — oh, Sadie dear,
Can it, can it be so?

We spoke of what the future might bring,
Would it be weal or woe?
That night, before we went to rest,
You spoke of him who loved you best,
And blushing showed me the mystic ring,
Only a year ago.

I sit alone by the window here,
In the sunset's deepening glow,
While you from me are so far away,
That where you dwell is endless day,
But I know you are happier, Sadie dear,
Than you were a year ago.

Ought I to call you back to me?
Grieve and long for you so?
If you could hear my passionate cry,
Would you care to leave your home on high?
If you could, would you care to come, and be
As you were a year ago?

God's will is wisest, His choice is best.
I will patiently watch and wait:

For I know the summons will come some day,
That will call me from earth's scenes away ;
Then we shall meet, and we shall rest,
Beyond the pearly Gate.

Composed May 30, 1882.
Inscribed to the memory of
Sadie J. Peck.
"For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

A TWILIGHT DREAM.

To Emma A. Childs.

AS I sit in the twilight, dear Emma,
My thoughts are roaming wide,
And I feel an instinctive longing
To have you close by my side.
There is much that I wish to tell you
Of all that I hope to do,
And many a little heart-secret
I might whisper to only you.

There is many a mile between us,
And many a month, I fear,
Yet in spirit, dear Emma,
I believe we are very near.
We have still the happy medium
Of letters, with comfort fraught,
Words of cheer and encouragement,
And the interchange of thought.

I picture you sitting, it may be,
Alone in your quiet room,
With the Book of all books before you,
In the twilight's gathering gloom :
Now as the shadows deepen,
You close the Book on your knee,
And I say, "In the calm of the evening,
She may be thinking of me."

My affection knows no distance,
And I stand beside your chair,
Though you may not see me, Emma,
In spirit I surely am there.
Your love is so precious, my dear one,
Your friendship so sweet to me,
'T will endure long after this mortal
Puts on immortality.

And when will that be I wonder ?
Ah, when shall the veil intervene,
That shall separate us for a season,
While a river is rolling between ?
Do not let it sadden you, darling,
"The Lord watch between me and thee,"
He will watch, and our love shall strengthen,
Wherever our life may be.

I sometimes vaguely wonder
Who first, will cross the tide :
For which one the summoning angel
Will draw the thin veil aside.

Will you be the first, I wonder,
To pass from earth's scenes away?
Will the angel first bring to your vision
The light of eternal Day?

Shall I be left to labor
Alone and without the smile
Of your face? Ah well, God knoweth!
It will be but a little while.
My fancy can dimly imagine
The rapture your soul will greet,
When the shining portals open,
And you enter with eager feet.

The friend we loved and cherished,
Your entrance will await,
Perhaps the first to welcome you,
As you enter the pearly Gate.
Methinks you will take the dear hand,
As she holds it out to you,
Not that you need it, but because
It will be as you used to do.

Then as you utter her dear name,
While she leads you along the way,
And the glory is shining about you,
What will be the next word you will say?
"Jesus! you know and have seen Him,
In the most Holy Place.
Show me the way to Jesus —
I would see him face to face."

And while she is telling, in language
Only to spirits given,
Of the beauty of the Bridegroom,
The Lord and King of Heaven,
Upon your glorified vision,
Too dazzling for mortal sight,
There dawns an infinite glory,
The very Light of Light.

But, oh, my love ! it was only
A passing fancy's gleam.
I am sitting still in the twilight —
It was only a beautiful dream !
But let us trust and be patient :
Take courage and be strong,
The light of an endless Morning
Will dawn for us ere long.

Mizpah.

1885.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

FAITH, Hope, and Love: choice boons to
mortals given.

Faith claims the promise, enters into rest :
Hope sheds new light upon the way to Heaven,
But Christian Love, including all, is best.
Happy the soul who doth these gems possess,
Which shine like diamonds in jeweled crown.
More blessed he, who being blest doth bless,
For he who cheereth other souls, doth soothe his
own.

“MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.”

AS the clustering constellations,
Gleaming in their radiant light,
Ever shine with brighter lustre
In a dark and gloomy night ;
So the precious words of Jesus,
When our cherished hopes have flown,
Brighter gleam than stars of glory,
Come like ministering angels down.
Down upon the fevered spirit,
Burdened with its weight of care ;
Soothing, comforting, and cheering,
Shedding sunshine everywhere.
Heaven and earth may melt and vanish,
Pass away what seemeth sure,
But the precious words of Jesus
Shall forevermore endure.

NOT LOST.

“It shall not return unto me void.”—Isaiah 55 : 11.

LET all who work for God, with pen or voice,
Pencil or hand, hold steadfast in true faith.
He who inspires the thought, who to the hand
Gives skill and cunning, will most surely see
The thing accomplished whereunto 't is sent.
The meadow lark pours out its morning song :
It does its part. God hears — it is not lost.
A farmer lad, mayhap, whose roughened hands
Hold firm the heavy plough, catches the note.

Within this heart, his cramped and narrow life
A fountain rich in sweetness is unsealed :
While through the ragged furrow he plods on,
Pure thoughts are shaping into noble deeds,
And from that deed may countless blessings rise.

A violet blooms beside a mossy spring :
Only a wee violet, whose tender roots
Hold fast the pinch of earth about the stones.
Its modest face beams in the sunshine warm.
There stands beside the spring, a wanderer :
His life is dark with misery and sin.
His eye lights on the tender flower till thought
Leaps back to the old home ; the days gone by.
The father's voice is ringing in his ears :
A loving hand, his mother's, that long since
Has mouldered into dust, now clasps his own,
Then trembles on his head.

Those death-sealed lips,
Once breathing tones of gentleness and love,
Whisper his name. He yields at last,
While memory runs riot through his soul.
He kneels beside the unconscious flower,
While tears of penitence pour from his eyes.
God has glanced in upon his wayward soul,
Through the sweet medium of the violet.
We gather all our strength, and yet our work,
Compared with the achievements of the great,
Whose lives shine out from the dark centuries
(Gleaming, starlike, the brighter for the dark),

May seem to us but utter worthlessness,
But we are wrong. God moves: we work and wait.
Our bravest effort is as naught unless
His allwise Hand accepts and uses it.
Be not disheartened,

Rest assured in this:
The noble and the good can never die.
Not one true thought, God given, can lose its way;
No lofty, generous deed is ever lost.

Written for the Epworth League, May, 1886.

BLUE EYES.

“God gives thee youth but once: keep then the child-like heart, that will His Kingdom be.”

WHAT are you thinking of, grave little miss,
With lips still warm from my last fond kiss?
With thoughtful look on your pale, pure brow;
What problem profound are you solving now?

Perhaps you are dreaming of fairyland,
While leaning soft cheek on your dimpled hand;
What lies concealed in that sweet disguise?
Tell me the secret, little blue eyes.

Life lies before you, little blue eyes,
Holding in store much of happy surprise:
But its lessons are hard and the world is cold:
Our youth is brief, and we soon grow old.

Oh, could I keep you, dear little miss,
Forever as pure as your last sweet kiss !
Forever secure from the world's subtle snare,
Forever free from its worry and care !

Not young in years would I keep you, my dear,
For fresh charms are added with every year :
But as innocent, trustful in spirit, as mild
As you are now, darling, my precious child !

She heeds not my musing, so enrapt she seems,
So lost in the maze of her bright, golden dreams.
Muse on, gentle dreamer, and we shall see
Time will solve all problems for both you and me.

MABEL.

“ My Beautiful ” the name signifies.

ALONE in the hush of the twilight hour,
While the dew lies soft on the meadow-land,
Where they laid my little flower away one day,
I gaze afar in the starlit skies,
And long for one sight of my baby's eyes,
One touch of her soft dimpled hand.

O Mabel ! my beautiful pearl,
With spirit as pure as the snow,
Do you know, my own darling girl,
How your mother does love you so ?

How she never forgets, never will,
All the beautiful songs of your choice?
How she hears the sweet melody still,
Of your dear, dainty baby voice?

I can not but think, little pet,
Although in the mansions above,
Your spirit can never forget
The home and the hearts that you love.

Oh, how sweet when I lay the cross down,
And receive my reward in the skies,
To clasp your dear hand in my own,
And read love in your little blue eyes!

May 30, 1886.

RETROSPECTION.

"Tis thy grave, oh, my darling! now laid in the tomb;
Because thou hast withered the violets bloom."

I SIT beside her little grave to-day.
'Tis Sabbath, and a solemn stillness reigns
Over the ~~silent~~ city of the dead.
All is so peaceful now, after the din
And wild confusion of the busy week;
So far away from all the outer world,
So far apart, it seems a little world
Transplanted by itself, and very near
To the immortal hills of Paradise.
I gaze in awe upon the lowly mounds,
Beneath whose turf so peacefully there lies

The precious dust of kindred and of friend.
Others to me unknown, yet to some heart
As precious and as sacred as mine own.
The birds in the green branches o'er my head
Are singing sweetest songs, each to his mate.
I'm glad they gather in this lovely spot,
To carol forth their praise to God: 't is meet,
'T is fitting that their songs should rise to Him
Where underneath are laid to rest His own.

An hour is this for holy memories :
For solemn musing and for retrospect ;
And yet — and yet, I had not come for this :
My soul was hungering for my baby's love.
I thought to seek this sacred spot, and there
Pour out upon her little grave my tears.
I lay my hand upon her little bed,
And press so tenderly the soft, cool moss
That forms for it a gentle coverlid ;
Just as in days of yore, when twilight fell
I used to sit beside her other bed
And sing soft lullaby until she slept.
Whence comes this sudden calm within my soul ?
Where is my breaking heart — its flood of tears,
That, as I neared this hallowed spot,
Welled up, a rushing flood, until my eyes
Were blinded to the scene I now behold ?

I brought fair flowers to place upon her grave,
The flowers she loved to gather and admire.
They speak to me of precious memories,
Of happy hours in life's glad summer time.

I lay them gently there, and while I breathe
Their perfume and admire their loveliness,
I know that even they must fade and die.
See! While I sit in silent reverie,
A honey bee has settled in the heart
Of one, and draws rich nectar from its depths.
Is there for me one honeyed drop of hope?
What speak you to my soul, fair messengers?
Methinks they whisper to my listening ear
Of that fair Land of Immortality:
Of that eternal City of the Blest,
Where in whose midst a river flows serene,
And on whose fadeless banks must be
Rare flowers immortal.

There blooms my rosebud:
The tender flower I cherished lovingly,
Now broken from its earthly stem, and laid—
So safely laid upon the Shepherd's breast!
Hush! hush! my soul! He speaks!

He draweth nigh!
Open, thou secret chamber of my soul!
He comes, as in the long ago, unto
The stricken hearts at Bethany,
And mingled with their bitter tears His own.
I hear the same life-giving word of power:
"I am the Resurrection and the Life.
He that believeth on Me, were he dead
Yet shall he live again."

Shall *live again*!
As Martha, wondered at his mighty words,

Yet in full confidence believed her Lord,
So do I now respond, "Lord, I believe!"
Lord, I believe — I can not understand,
Yet I believe Thy sacred promise true,
That I shall clasp her in mine arms again;
These hungry arms that reach only to grasp
The empty air: that I shall lay her head
Again, again upon my aching breast.

Three months ago I tarried in this spot
To gather violets, that, here and there,
Had opened their frail petals at the breath
Of balmy spring. They all have faded now,
And I can scarcely trace a single leaf
Which once soft folded them in warm embrace.
But, oh! I know that lying just beneath
The little roots and seeds — the germs of life
Are hidden so secure, and by and by
After the summer heat, and yet again,
After long days and nights of winter's reign,
When piercing winds shall melt in balmy breath
To woo once more the sleeping seeds to life,
That I shall find my tender flowers again.

I shall not grieve because my last year's buds
Have withered, for perhaps the mellow soil
Will work its wonders on the slumbering germ,
And I shall say, when low I bend to pluck
And place them on this sacred grave,
"My violets! My violets have come!
More beautiful, by far more beautiful

Than when I gathered them a year ago ! ”
So it will be, I think, after a while ;
After the fiery heat of this affliction :
After the long, long years (it may be so)
Of weary waiting and of patient toil,
The time will come — just how I can not see —
When this cold world shall fade, this flesh dissolve,
And I shall wake to clasp her once again.

Lovely she was when last I saw my child,
But, oh ! if mortal flesh such grace contains,
What to my ravished sight will the immortal be ?
It will be worth it all : the bitterness
Of parting and the separation, with
The awful pang of loneliness.
I shall forget my pain on that glad Morn :
I shall be satisfied — and I will wait.

MATTIE.

And Jesus called a little child unto Him.”—Matthew 18 : 2.

SHE came to me all sweet and fair,
My angel in disguise :
I caught the sunlight in her hair,
The azure in her eyes.

A throng of merry, laughing girls
Came trooping by my door ;
I smiled to watch their dancing curls,
As I had done before.

But 'mid that merry little class,
So gaily skipping by,
But one, a gentle, winsome lass,
Held captive heart and eye.

I hastened from the window seat,
And called her to my side :
Although she came with willing feet,
Her blue eyes opened wide.

The dimpled mouth, the ruddy cheek,
Both held a charm for me,
But when I heard her softly speak,
I murmured, "Can it be?"

I bade her stay ; she shook her head ;
"I've been down to the store,
See, here's my money and my bread,
I can't stay any more."

"But wont you kiss me, little one?"
"O yes—what makes you cry?"
"Because," I said, "I am alone."
"But I must go—good bye."

I gave to her a summer bloom,
A rosebud white and fair :
And in my heart I made her room,
And fain had held her there.

But soon she glided down the street,
Some other home to brighten,

Some mamma lists the coming feet,
Some other heart will lighten.

While in the slowly gathering gloom,
There sits a mother weeping :
O'er one wee grave white roses bloom—
Her little child lies sleeping.

July 1, 1886.

MY BIRD.

“The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.”

February 13, 1886.

A fair, white dove she was, for when she came
(A timid, helpless thing) her little wings
Were folded, and in trustfulness she leaned
Her head upon my breast, and nestled there.
I listened to her cooing, day by day,
Until my heart grew glad ; and I forgot
My anguish and my pain. She bro't me peace :
She bro't me sunshine, and indeed she seemed
A ray of sunlight from the realms of Light.
She loved me—did my gentle bird, and oh !
Can language e'er express how dear she was
To me ? I watched her charms unfold,
Like the white buds beside my garden path,
That blossomed forth in fragrant loveliness.
I held her closely to my throbbing breast,
And while upon my bosom she reposed
Her little head in restful, calm content

With heart that overflowed in gratitude—
I thanked the glorious Giver for his gift.
He loved the little bird He gave to me.
He loved her, and He bade me love her too
With all the depth of pure affection ; but
He bade me love Him more—and, oh, I did !
'Twas He who gave the mother-love to me.
'Twas He who gave to me most graciously
Three summers of her pure life. Tenderly
I guarded them. As months passed on I found
He gave to her a voice to sing His praise.
And then my dove—my gentle, cooing dove—
Became a little song-bird ; and all day
She warbled sweetly to the praise of Him
Who smiled upon her, and who loved her so.
And so she grew in grace and loveliness.
From morn to night she caroled by my side,
While my voice blended with her own, which bore
More tone, but less of sweetness. I was grave :
I felt the meaning of the words she chose—
For in those days she sang of Paradise—
With eager, upturned face, and wondering eyes.
How often have I found her singing thus,
Alone, unmindful of her mother's eye,
And I have left her, knowing well she sang
To seraphs and to angels, not to me ;
Sweet were her praises. Every day her voice
Seemed but to grow in sweetness.

In those days

I grew so weak, so weary, and so faint,
I could no longer hold her in my arms,

But languished on my couch. 'Twas then my bird
Became both dove and nightingale to me.
Her soft voice cooed about my pillow: then
She sang her little songs, and flew away
To gladden other hearts about the home.
There came a day, unlike all other days:
She sang a song, a *new* song, till I held
My breath to listen and to wonder; but
My bird, unmindful of my listening ear,
Sang on, then, as she oft had done before,
Caroled her little hymn, "O Paradise!
O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest!"
'Twas thus she sang her last sweet song on earth.
Next day the sky grew dark, and clouds, thick
clouds,
Swift gathered, hiding all my sunshine.
'Twas then my birdling drooped her little wings,
And covered her gentle head beneath them.
The day grew darker, and a storm came on.
The sky began to weep, and torrents beat
Like muffled drums upon the window-pane.
I heard, I felt it all—the storm, the tears,
The anguish, but she heeded not the storm.
I sat beside her, and I held her close;
Her mild blue eyes upturned to mine.

She smiled—

I breathed her precious name. She answered not.
An unseen Guest appeared. His voice was low.
So low! and yet she heard! I bowed my head.
An arrow pierced her tender heart! My dove!
My gentle, cooing dove, who never knew a pang!

I held her closer yet—then let her go.
She fluttered her white wings and soared away :
Beyond the storm, the torrents and the tears ;
Beyond the anguish and the bitterness,
Beyond the fever and the pang of death,
Beyond all harm, beyond, beyond it all !
I sat alone. The skies were weeping still.
Upon my cheek no tear-drops glimmered ; yet,
Ah, me ! I felt it all ! My dove had gone !
But I was not alone ; another Guest appeared ;
I felt His presence soothe my soul.
It was the Comforter, for tenderly
He drew me to Him, and upon my wounds
He poured the oil of consolation and of calm.
Such calm ! So weak I was, so very weak,
I had no power to raise myself, with all
The crushing weight that the more heavy grew
With every lengthening hour. Oh, then it was
That underneath my burden and beneath myself,
My poor, weak, trembling self,
He placed His mighty, everlasting arms
And folded me to sleep upon His breast.
And there He kept me ; there He keeps me still.
And while my room is quiet, and my heart
Grows hungry for her love, and that sweet voice
That made such happy music in my home—
My home that seems so hushed and silent now—
’T is then He tells me of His love. ’T is then
He whispers to me in a still, small voice,
“ Our little bird is safe and happy now.
’T is well with her, for she is singing still

Among the fadeless trees of Paradise.
All, all is right that seems most wrong. 'Tis well."
And while I listen, I forget my pain,
My loss, my anguish, and my soul replies—
" 'Tis well! If it be His sweet will, 'tis well!"

PEACE.

THERE'S a hush that breathes of Heaven
In the air ;

There's a calm serene, unbroken,
Everywhere.

In this hour so hushed and holy,
Lord, I bow to Thee in lowly,
Grateful prayer.

Let me hear Thy tender whisper—
Peace, be still!

Thou canst smooth me into silence
If thou will ;

Banish doubt that now seems thronging.
Thou canst satisfy my longing :
Thou canst fill.

In the silence I am kneeling
At Thy feet.

'Tis Thy perfect peace, O Saviour,
I entreat !

In this hush so deep, unbroken,
Something tells me Thou hast spoken
Peace complete.

August 2, 1886.

MINISTRY.

I STEPPED into the sunshine yesterday.
For many months had weariness and pain
Confined me to the quiet of my room;
But as I drank in deep refreshing draughts
The morning air, I said, "I will not grieve,
For many hearts are heavier than mine.
The world is wide and Nature bounteous."
My footsteps wandered half-unconsciously
Where, in the brightness of her morning room,
Upon her couch, a patient sufferer lay.
Without, December sun and frosty air;
Within, I found the sunshine waiting me.
Four years ago the Father's tender hand
Was laid in love upon His trustful child.
He called her from a busy life, where hands
And heart were filled with noble work,
Saying, "Thy task was nobly done, but now
Another mission waits thee in thy home,
For I must speak through thee to other souls
Thou couldst not reach before."

And so it was
The sunshine reached my soul; and so it was
She preached to me a sermon yesterday.
That morning she had said, "Oh, if I knew
One humble word of mine had been the means
Of leading but one soul to Jesus' feet,
I think, indeed, that I could rest content."
How little does she know that every day
Her couch becomes a pulpit, and her face

Breathes forth the love of God to other souls!
 Take courage, gentle friend! These weary days
 Through which the willing hands must idle be,
 Are full of tender ministries for Him.
 And let this cheer thee, that a ray of hope
 And comfort from thy soul, hath cheered mine own.

Inscribed to Ella.

1887.

"Ye are my witnesses."

Isaiah 43: 10.

GEMS OF THE BIBLE.

"Peace be unto you."

AS in the darkest caverns of the earth
 The richest jewels oft lie deep concealed,
 Nor flash upon the eye their dazzling worth,
 Until by patient toil their beauty is revealed;
 So in the mines unfathomed of God's word,
 The richest gems of truth and beauty lie,
 And never to the soul their worth afford,
 Till prayerful thought has solved their mystery.

No sparkling diamond of real worth
 Loses its lustre, although countless years
 Have passed away since Nature gave it birth,
 But the more bright and beautiful appears.
 E'en so, full many a Bible gem, that cost
 A prayerful search, if to the world once given,
 Doth sparkle more and more, is never lost,
 But serves to light some soul the way to heaven.

Exhaustless jewels ! how they gleam and shine !

Emeralds of faithfulness, of truth and light ;

Diamonds of promise, flashing hope divine :

Beryl and adamant of strength and might.

Jaspars of purity, rubies of joy,

Jacinths of comfort ; sapphires, breathing love,

Love all-embracing, love without alloy,

Deep as the sea and broad as heavens above.

As from the sea's wild crest, to depths profound,

Far, far beneath the waves which surge and
whirl,

The diver plunges, ocean's depths to sound,

And finds in mollusk shell some precious pearl,

So, far beneath life's cares which surge and roll,

Deep in the ocean of a sweet release,

In God's own Word the trustful spirit-soul

Finds, hidden deep, the pearl of perfect peace.

Fair pearl of peace ! O gem of matchless worth !

Thrice blest is He who claims thee for His own.

That pearl of greatest price is not of earth :

It cometh from the glory-circled Throne.

Christ is its Author : for " My Peace," He saith,

So perfect, so complete is its release !

" Peace be to you," was in His parting breath ;

Peace upon earth from Him, the " Prince of
Peace."

January, 1886.

UNTIL THE DAY DAWN.

FATHER, if in these weary hours of pain,
Thou wilt grant to my weak and faltering
pen

A song from Thee; one sweet, glad refrain
To cheer the hearts of toiling, suffering men,
That I may know my life is not in vain,
I think that I would nevermore complain.

Grant I may see Thy hand in all distress;
May learn so well the lesson Thou wouldst teach,
That I may fill some sphere of usefulness.

Oh, if some line, inspired by Thee, might reach
Only one soul who seems to love Thee less,
I would take courage in my weariness.

October, 1889.

SABBATH HYMN.

Tune: Rest.

BLEST Sabbath! day of calm relief;
No anxious thought, by fear distressed,
No cloud of care or unbelief
Shall dim thy light, sweet day of rest.

The failures, Lord, of yesterday,
The sins with which we vainly strove,
Are melting at the dawn away
Before Thy never changing love.

How sweet to place our hands in Thine !
How blessed to resign our care !
To rest within Thine Arms divine—
Keep us, O Lord ! forever there.

In this glad light of endless love,
Each day may be a Sabbath new.
An open gate to joys above,
Where angel hands shall lead us through.

ONE SABBATH.

THE sultry Sabbath day was at its close.
Before the Searcher of all hearts alone
The preacher sat, in sad and pensive mood.
The burden of his sacred charge had weighed
How heavily his people little knew :
How often too, in prayer and speech that day,
While seeking earnestly to lift their souls
Above the grovelling cares of life, his own
Was raised in mute appeal for strength.
They could not know, how thro' the busy week
The pressure of his sermon had increased
Until to-day, more than had been his wont
He felt an utter hopelessness before
The mighty grandeur of his chosen theme.
The souls he hoped to reach that day, alas !
Had—purposely perhaps—remained at home.
How might he reach those careless ones,
Who, day by day, had shunned his kind appeal ?

Others there were, among his guarded flock,
Who by their thoughtless words and critical,
Had injured much the good he might have done,
Standing as stumbling blocks in others' way.
How could he show to them their sad mistake
While he had constant need of charity?
The hour of evening prayer was nigh at hand,
When opening a note received that day,
And quite forgotten, hastily he read :
"Dear pastor : It is Sunday, and I know
That you are overtaxed, but I am worse,
And ask if I may see you once again."
A little later he entered a room
Where, in her beauty, lay a dying girl.
The light of that Eternal City, which
Ere many days would dawn upon her sight,
Reflected on her face ; yet his keen eye
Discerned a restless, wistful look, which spoke
Of helpless clinging to the life she loved.
"If I but knew," she whispered, "that my life
Had not been all a failure ! Do you think
He will accept the broken life I yield,
When he has known the good I might have done ?
My plans were noble, and I tried, but see
How hopelessly I failed ! "

"Nay, say not so,
My child," he said, "our heavenly Father asks
Not full success, but simply faithfulness.
Can you not trust His love, leaving to Him
The work which seems to you so incomplete ? "
Then kneeling by her side he prayed—

“O God !

Who knowest all things ; all our fears, our griefs
Over those plans but half fulfilled ; dost know
How weak we are, yet how we love Thy cause,
Descend to comfort and support our souls,
That we in life and death may cheerfully
Accept Thy will—In Jesus’ name, Amen.”

The answer came. From the pale sufferer’s face
There shone the radiance of God’s perfect peace :
And in the pastor’s soul was born anew
Courage and strength to labor and endure.
The preacher laid aside his chosen text
That night, and spoke with overflowing heart
Of the great love of the Eternal God.
Hard hearts were melted in that hour
To tears of penitence, while others, too,
Who came to criticise, remained to pray.
His people did not know how this rich blessing
Came into his soul, but after service closed,
They grasped his hand, and some were heard to
say—

“God ever bless you for your faithfulness !”

August 12, 1889.

BY THE SEA.

“The sea is His.”

O H, peaceful hours by the sea !
Glad days that have passed away !
They gleam on the page of memory
Like a vision of yesterday.

In fancy I follow again,
Where ocean and sky seem to meet,
Each billow that travels the mighty main,
'Till it shivers and falls at my feet.

I travel the rock-strewn path,
By the water's restless side,
To behold how in impotent wrath
The waves plunge in with the tide.

I gather with childish hands
Fair moss from the pebbly shore;
Then rest, with my pillow the shining sands.
My companion, the ocean's roar.

Oh, that solemn twilight hour,
As we watched the tide roll in !
It seemed like the love of God—that power
That shall triumph over sin.

Surely if God so measured the sea,
And holds it His palm within,
Upon His heart must be room for me :
His mercy will gather us in.

Sweet summer hours by the sea,
Like a day-dream they came and went.
How much they brightened life for me !
How they filled my heart with content !

Oh, mighty and wonderful sea,
Throbbing ever the same as to-day,
You cannot bring again to me
The days that have passed away !

July 26, 1890.

MY MESSAGE.

HOW rich is the fragrant breath of the pines !
How solemn and grand are their towering
forms !

Here the gay birds chirp, here the gray moss
twines,

Swaying and clinging through sunshine and storms
On their mighty branches. Here underneath,

Trembling at touch of my very breath,
Are the delicate ferns and creeping vines,
And under all, softer than tapestry,

A gift from these ever-shedding pines,

A bountiful carpet is spread for me.

Yonder there lies, in its majesty still,

An uprooted trunk, like a wreck at sea.

What force caused your fibres to quiver and thrill,

And then left you lying so helplessly ?

Why were you stricken, of strength bereft ?

Why were you taken and others left ?

But see, farther on, what distraction I find ;

A mightier force than the raging wind,

A bolt shot forth from tempestuous skies

Has severed this gigantic tree in twain.

Its bark, torn and twisted, all shattered lies,

Leaving the wood without spot or stain

Of the awful fire. All clean and fine,

It fills the pure air with a perfumed pine.

I had never known thee, thou mighty form,

I had never inhaled thine aroma sweet,

Had not the bolt of a thunderous storm

Pierced thee, and opened thy heart at my feet.
There's a hush in the forest, while far away
I hear little children laughing at play.
I check my lips in their careless song,
And I hold my breath unconsciously.
There is silence amid the feathered throng,
I wait, for a message is coming to me.

There's a rustle, a breeze, and those fronds of fir,
Like trembling fingers, are all astir.
They quiver, they whisper, then murmur and roar
Like the ceaseless swell of a mighty sea ;
Like wild waves beating upon the shore ;
Like a thousand voices in harmony.

I gather no longer the crisping cone,
I cast my delicate grasses away ;
I lie on my mossy pillow alone,
Forgetting the songs of the children at play ;
I heed not the birds in the evergreen trees,
Who send forth their praise on the passing breeze ;
I only hear from the murmuring pine
A language my pen can never portray ;
A message has come to this soul of mine
From the unseen realms of eternal day.

Lincoln Farm, August 16, 1887.

ALICE.

“He shall gather the lambs with His arm.”—ISAIAH 40: 11.

ANOTHER little life has drifted from the shore
And passed beyond death's deep and chilling wave;

In heaven another angel's song—one more—
On earth another little waiting grave.

Another severed tress of shining gold;
Another mother weeping for her own;
But *There*—“their angels do always behold
My Father's face” before the great white throne.

Another tiny, pure white hand, with love
To beckon us from out the starry skies;
Another welcome waiting up above,
Another jewel where our treasure lies.

Another lamb the tender Shepherd leads,
Among the everlasting hills divine,
To pasture with His flock in heavenly meads,
But, oh, that precious little lamb was *mine*!

Once mine to rear, to cherish and to hold,
To guard with all a mother's jealous care;
Is she no longer mine, now in His fold?
Nay, nay! but mine to love forever there.

My little lamb! so safely gathered in;
So sheltered from the blight of winter's breath;
So safe, secure from every stain of sin,
Beyond the cold, relentless grasp of death.

My little lamb ! safe in the Shepherd's arm,
If God had spared you to me here below,
Could I have sheltered you from every harm,
Could even my great love have kept you so ?

Never a grief shall reach my darling now,
Never for thee a single moment's pain ;
No anxious thought shall mar thy gentle brow,
Mine is the bitter loss, but thine the gain !

Composed Easter Sunday, April 1, 1888.

CHIME BELLS.

"To be a memorial unto the children."—NUMBERS 16:40.

RING, silvery bells, your peaceful chime
Upon the still night air ;
We listen to your melody
Till we forget our care.

We hearken in the twilight dim,
And hear you sweetly sing
The grand and glorious old hymn
Our fathers loved to sing.

Among immortal melodies,
The ones recorded high,
Are the old hymns our fathers sang—
Those songs can never die.

We bless the noble, generous hand
That placed ye, bells, on high
To crown her monument of love—
A grand doxology.

And better still, with grateful hearts,
Throughout this peaceful land,
We'll praise the Author of all good,
Who gives with bounteous hand.

Ring, silvery bells, your mellow chime,
And while your sweet tones fall,
We'll join in that triumphant song,
"And crown Him Lord of all."

April 26, 1887.

THE TRANSFIGURED CROSS.

"I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me."

I SIT beside my window, where the rays
Of setting sun are fading from my view.
My eyes turn east, where, on cathedral roof
A gilded cross stands glimmering thro' the dusk,
Towering above the noisy world, seeming
Almost to rest upon the pale blue sky.
Oh, cross of pain! Oh, cross of sacrifice!
Oh, cross of anguish, where our Saviour died!
You seem to speak to us, thro' deepening gloom,
And say, "No cross of pain, no cross of sacrifice,
No crown of peace, no crown immortal"—See!
The sun long hidden from the lower peaks,
Has burst asunder cloudy covering,
And, through the shadows ever deepening,
The cross that soon had faded from my sight,
Is bathed in radiance from that crimson source,

And stands transfigured as a star of gold !
As I behold it glimmering thus afar,
I can but breathe the involuntary prayer :
“ Nearer, nearer to Thee, O Lamb of God,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me ! ”
Oh, cross of pain and peace ! Oh, star of hope !
You only point us to the source of Light.
Shine on, and lift our burdened souls
Above, where dwells the Sun of Righteousness :
Then shall our cross of grief transfigured be
Before the sunlight of a Saviour's love ;
Then shall it beckon as a star of hope,
Leading us on to immortality.

March 28, 1887.

COME UNTO ME.

“ C O M E unto Me,” the Saviour doth say,
Over and over again—
“ My saving grace can wash away
Even the darkest stain.”

“ Unto the weary I offer rest
Not as the world can give :
Trust in my mercy ; lean on my breast ;
Only look up and live.

My love lasts for you
Eternity through.”

(An acrostic.)

A VISION.

THE day had been a weary one, and at its close
I sought the Book, hoping to find therein
Refreshment: but alas! body and mind
Were weak. Treasure I found, but not for me.
I sought my couch, with but a murmured prayer
For strength sufficient for the coming day.

Do spirits from the other world return
To hover near us in those silent hours
While we lie all unconscious? It may be
God sends His angels down from the white throne
To whisper in our dreams of heavenly things.
Howe'er it be, He sent me while I slept
A precious vision of the Saviour's face.

I thought the morrow dawned and I awoke
Refreshed in body and of lighter heart.
When suddenly there rushed into my room
A stranger with strange tidings.

“Haste!” he cried,
“The Master comes! has taught in every house
Along the way, and now He cometh soon
To teach the people from thy quiet home.”

I stood as if spellbound.

Oh! could it be
That in this room the King would speak His truths?
It seemed not strange that He should live on earth,
Preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, but
That He should choose my home as His abode,

And here teach — that passed my comprehension.
Long had I hoped that if he came again,
I with the multitude might hear His voice,
Might, for one blissful moment, catch a glimpse
Of His majestic countenance : when lo,
He sends a messenger in haste to say
He cometh, and will meet me in my home !
The news spread fast among the people.

While I stood
Eager, expectant, swift they crowded in.
Some smiled upon my happiness, but one,
With scornful look, and haughty brow exclaimed,
“Why should you think that He will notice *you* ?
You are but one in the great multitude.”
I looked abashed, and answered, “Yes, ’t is true,
I am but one and of the very least.

I may not touch His hand or speak with Him
Nor press so close about Him as did He
Who was beloved, and whispered, ‘Is it I ?’
Yet from His face if I but catch a glance
Of loving recognition, verily,
I shall be satisfied.” While I yet spake
The surging, all expectant crowd gave way,
A hush fell on us, for we knew that He
The King of Heaven drew near.

I held my breath,
Nor moved me from the doorway where I stood.
Here my pen fails me. How can I describe
The beatific vision which appeared !

My fancy oft had pictured that dear face.
But no conception ever pictured *this*,
Nor ever could. Had I an artist's gift,
I could outline the features years of time
Have rendered no less vivid ; yet to portray
The Spirit which my spirit saw — ah, no !
For in that face was the ideal Christ,
The God, the Man, the Comforter in one.
A flowing robe enwrapt His sacred form,
Which softly fell in folds.

His face was pale :
I knew that He had suffered as none else,
For pain had left its trace on cheek and brow.
It was the risen Lord I saw that hour,
For in the human face shone the divine.
With every trace of anguish and of pain
Appeared soft intermingled lines of peace.
Gentle it was, yet without weakness : sweet
And tender as a mother's, yet withal,
So strong, so full of heavenly majesty.
It may be when my disembodied soul
Beholds my blest Redeemer face to face,
This vision sweet will fade, will seem eclipsed
By the full splendor of reality ;
Or I may quite forget — but not till then.

He seemed in search of some one. Breathlessly
I watched Him till at last His eyes met mine.
Then I knew by His kind glance of welcome
It was I for whom He sought. I wonder
I did not waken from excess of joy,

As tremblingly I knelt, with upturned face,
And waited silently as He drew near.
He did not speak to me, or I to Him;
More sacred far that silent speech in which
My soul communed with Him and found its rest.
I needed not to tell Him all my care,
My grief and loneliness; it was enough
That He was near, and read my inmost soul.
I did not even then wake suddenly,
Or realize just when the vision ceased.
For a long while I lay in wonderment,
Until it fully dawned upon my mind
That I had been with Jesus, and had seen His face.
Although the vision passed, the joy remained:
A boundless sea, in which my soul was lost.
All strange perplexing questions solved themselves,
All mysteries were cleared, while in my heart
His kingdom came to dwell forevermore.

July 25, 1891.

FROM THE ISLE OF MANISEES.

AHOY! Ahoy, there, over the seas!
Put up your ear trumpet, if you please;
Or, better still, if you're quite alone,
Perhaps you may hear with an audiphone.
Now wait a bit, while the foghorns blow—
'Tis dangerous off on the rocks, you know,
And a heavy mist is settling down
Upon this quaint little fishing town,
That lies in mid-ocean, a tiny speck.

Now! Ahoy, there, over on Linekin Neck!
Good morning, my friend, just over the way.
Can you hear through the mist? Can you *hear* me,
I say?

A message will come on the next fair breeze :
'Tis a voice from the island of Manisees.
Methinks we heard, like yon sailor's cry,
A voice that faintly responded, "Aye! Aye!"

HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

Psalm 118.

L ORD, we are thine eternally;
The strong, the weak, the erring all;
We cannot lose ourselves from Thee,
Or stray beyond Thy ceaseless call.

Thy love, its measure who can tell?
Or bound the limits of Thy grace?
'Tis deeper than the deepest hell,
And broader than the realms of space.

Back to 'Thine arms we must return,
To find Thy tender mercies sure;
Thy love the fire that needs must burn
Away the dross to make us pure.

Lord, we are 'Thine. Then Thou must dwell
Within us, wheresoe'er we roam;
Thou wilt not leave one soul in hell
Who turns, again repentant, home.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

FROM the farmer's great storehouse a weather-vane swings

With every swift change that the season brings.
Designed by himself (so the story is told)
As an outstretched finger of shining gold,
An inscription it bears, clearly written above :
"Look up and remember that God is Love."

A curious neighbor across the way
Came sauntering over one breezy day.
He gazed at the sentence with wondering eyes ;
Then turned to the farmer, and said with surprise,
"That's a mighty fine vane, but I'm wondering
Why you fasten God's love to this changeable
thing."

"That's easily answered," the old man replied,
As he seated himself in the doorway wide.
"There is no earthly thing with His love can compare :

It is steadfast, eternal, and everywhere.
So, wherever the contrary winds may rove—
North, east, south, west, still God is Love."

Dear friends, though despondent, take courage anew.
Like an anchor of hope for the brave and the true ;
Like a sunbeam to brighten the loneliest ways,
It sings through the years as an anthem of praise,
And is echoed afar by the angels above :
"Look up and remember that God is love."

The north wind is bitter, and east wind is wild ;
The south wind is soft, yet fond hope has beguiled ;
The west wind is fair, but as faithless to you ;
The Breath of the Father is constant and true.
So we never need mind how the winds may rove,
North, east, south, west, since God is Love.

“DON'T CHEER, BOYS!”

FIERCE the fight was raging
On a Southern sea ;
Signals waving from our ships
Told of victory.
On the Texas' smoking deck,
From her gallant tars,
Burst a loud, triumphant cheer
For the stripes and stars.
But the captain, standing there,
Bowed a reverent head—
“Don't cheer, boys ! they 're dying now :
Better weep instead.”

“Who are we that we should boast,
Though our foe should fall ?
In this human family
We are brothers all.
God is their Avenger :
Better far to pray
Than to cheer, when souls are sent
To their Judgment Day.”

Speedily the word passed on,
Made immortal now ;
We can hear it echo still
From her gallant prow.

“ Don't cheer, boys ! Remember
They were brave as you.
They fought for their country.
What more could you do ?
Soon they will be lying
With the silent dead.
Don't cheer, boys ! They're dying :
Drop a tear instead.”

THE TENTH OF MAY.

THE tenth of May (so our grandmothers say)
Is the time for tucking the seeds away.
Mother Nature is kind, and a watch she will keep
O'er her nestlings while they lie asleep,
Till some bright morning, the summer sun
Will wake them to duty, and kiss them to beauty
As they rise from their hiding place, one by one.
Then in flower-mission time, when the blossoms
will go
On a mission of cheer to the haunts of woe,
How thankful we'll be that we planted them so !
Now friends, tell your neighbor, just over the way,
That you happened to think 't is the tenth of May :
Then drop a few seeds in her thoughtful mind,

And leave them to ripen. Our Father is kind :
He will watch o'er them, hid 'neath the heart's tender
sod

Till they blossom at last in the Garden of God.
You will not regret them, will you, my friend,
The few stray pennies you had to spend ?
Would these ever have blossomed ?

(Ah ! who can say)

Had you failed to plant them the tenth of May ?
Never mind if you reap not from what you may
scatter,

Providing you just do your part in the matter ;
And so, come and buy, after lunch if you're able.
You will find them right here at the literature table.

Read at the W. C. T. U. County Convention, Fall River,
May 10, 1899.

PRAY FOR ME.

PRAY for me, oh, my friend ! nor reckon it
An idle wish that prompted me to ask.
We do not fling fair pearls before the swine,
Nor should we heedlessly our sacred thoughts
To every passer-by. Too oft 'tis true
We err in that we hesitate to give
To others from our store of heavenly gifts,
And so, the tone of cheer, the calm reproof,
The word of warning or entreaty, all
Remain unsaid, and someone goes through life
Ahungering for the help we might have given.

Yet even this lies on the surface ; deeper far
Lies the soul's great, spiritual hunger,
That all-convincing proof that God exists,
And of our kinship with Divinity.
'Tis this that brings us, at sometime in life,
To lay aside all cold formality,
And, reaching out to some soul in advance,
Cry, "Give me your hand and help me heavenward."
Why did I ask you? That I cannot say,
Unless it be I saw help in your face,
And, following my impulse, asked for help.
"Yet, why," you ask, "do you not pray for self?"
I do, yet in united prayer is strength,
Like all united effort for a cause,
"More things are wrought by prayer than this world
dreams."

We have God's word that it availeth much.
'Tis like "the quality of Mercy" which
Doth bless both him who gives and who receives.
And in this, I admit to you lay half
My motive: that you might in turn be blest.
So, while I ask you to remember me
Sometime before the mercy seat, I know
That through that act will come to me
An inspiration and encouragement ;
While to yourself, Heaven's choicest happiness—
The peace which angels know who stand before
His presence and reflect His character.
What shall you pray for? Health ?

That would be sweet,
Indeed, but far too selfish while we see

So many sick whom Christ loves none the less.
Nay: Ask that as His plans unfold to me
From day to day, I may not be surprised,
Nor shrink, nor murmur, but may cheerfully
Accept, content to fill my sphere nor crave
The unattainable. I want to make
The most of life. Pray He may show me how.

1891.

LEGEND OF A LEAF.

ONCE a leaflet in the forest
Murmured, as they do in springtime,
When the gentle winds are blowing;
Sighed, until the twig above it
Saw its restlessness, and whispered,
"Tell me why you murmur, leaflet."
Said the leaf, "The cruel breezes
Seek to tear us from the branches,
Tell me I shall fall and perish."
Then the gray twig told its story
To the branch that swung above it,
And the branch quickly repeated
To the tree the plaintive story.
Then the old tree in the forest
Sent a message of assurance.
To the trembling one it answered,
"Do not murmur, little leaflet,
You shall stay till you are ready."
Soon it hushed its sad complaining,
Went on singing, rustling, laughing,

Grew more beautiful all summer :
Sang its song until October,
Till the brilliant days of autumn.
Then it saw, around, above it,
All the trees in the great forest
Undergo a transformation,
Decked with tints of wondrous beauty.
Some were scarlet, some were golden,
Others striped with different colors.
Then the leaf asked in amazement,
“Tell me, mother-tree, what means this?”
And the old tree gently whispered,
“I have clothed them for their journey :
Soon they fly away and leave me,
Leave me cold and gray and barren.”
Eagerly it sought the branches :
“Tell me why are you not going ?
Why are you not gay and golden ?”
And they said, “ Their task is over,
But our work is not completed.
We are dressed for constant service,
You for holiday excursion.”
Then the leaf began to tremble
As it saw its gay companions,
One by one, go fluttering downward.
Some were caught up by the breezes,
Tossed about hither and thither,
Dancing merrily together.
As it watched their fitful frolic,
It began to grow more anxious,
Grew more beautiful in longing.

But it waited till the South wind
Passed that way and softly kissed it,
Till it wooed and won the leaflet ;
For it cried, " My work is over ;
I am ready ; take me, breezes !
Bear me on your mighty bosom !"
Then the breeze grew strong and wafted
All the leaves from all the treetops :
Tossed them carelessly and left them,
Left the tree bereft of beauty,
Left the branches cold and naked.
Soon the north wind from the mountain
Breathed her frosty breath upon them,
And they huddled close together,
Clung despairing to each other,
Then the lone leaf, terror-stricken,
Lost her hold, and without thinking,
Fell among her dead companions,
Fell asleep, no more to waken.

October, 1891.

AT REST.

AS thirsty traveller, toiling through desert lands,
Searches for cooling stream beyond the burn-
ing sands ;
As one who, overborne by sultry heat,
Seeks from the cares of life to find a calm retreat ;
As a tired child at evening claims its mother's
breast,
She sought that quiet haven of untroubled rest.

Mother : October 27, 1899.

CROWNED.

In memory of grandmother, aged eighty-six.

AS softly fades the perfect day,
As slowly sinks the setting sun,
So passed her trustful soul away,
The struggle o'er, the victory won.

She lived to see the old, old year
Decline, the new year faintly dawn;
Then silently the end drew near—
The end for which she waited long.

Affection lingers o'er the past,
And precious memories fill the soul,
As Faith sees mother crowned at last,
Of all her earnest prayers the goal.

Our mother! 'twas thy watchful eye
Guided our erring steps in youth;
Thy voice which ever faithfully
Taught us the way of life and truth.

Well hath thou earned thy rich reward;
Worthy art thou to enter rest;
Thy children all of one accord
Shall call thy name forever blest.

Why should we mourn thy sweet release?
Why should our hearts by grief be riven?
When thy reward is perfect peace,
And thine inheritance is heaven?

January 8, 1889.

"LET ME GO."

(Her last words.)

HINDER me not, for silently
The tide of life is ebbing low;
Kind hands from yonder better world
Beckon me onward—let me go.

Kindred and friends await me there,
And wouldst thou keep me here?
'T is fitting that my life should pass
With the retreating year.

I long to reach my Father's house,
Where chill winds never blow;
Then if you love me, weep no more,
But kindly let me go!

I haste to quench my fevered thirst
Where streams immortal flow;
To Him, the Source of endless life—
To Jesus, let me go!

God grant that we as peacefully
May meet the hour of death;
Not smitten as a tender bud
By winter's frosty breath;

But may our lives completed be,
As Autumn's golden sheaf;
Sinking away to perfect rest,
As falls the perfect leaf.

EASTER HYMN.

"He is not here, for He is risen."—Matthew 28:6.

JESUS is risen. Believe ye not?
Come see the place where He has lain;
Fair lilies crown the sacred spot,
Where once were pressed the thorns of pain.

Within, His folded garments lie.
He did not hasten from the tomb,
But calmly rose in majesty,
As flowers unfold in perfect bloom.

Jesus is risen, and so shall we.
In tears we lay our loved away,
Yet life and immortality
Were brought to light on Easter Day.

Since Christ has conquered life and death,
We need not shun the path of pain,
Nor shrink to take our parting breath
If death be our eternal gain.

An angel speaks beside the tomb,
"Go, follow in his shining way;
Mourner, arise from grief and gloom,
Go forth to labor and to pray."

March 2, 1891.

ODE TO THE CHURCH.

Tune : Lyons.

O CHURCH of our choice !
Thou bride of our King !
We join with one voice
Thy praises to sing.
The years that have passed since we first heard
thy calls,
A halo have cast which illumines thy walls.

Inspired by this scene,
We weave a bright chain
Of memories green,
With loves that remain.
We know by our side Christ our Leader is near,
While He is our Guide, we have nothing to fear.

O Church of our Lord,
We bid thee all hail !
The promise of God
To thee cannot fail.
He daily supplies thee with heavenly bread,
He ever abides as our glorious Head.

Arise in His strength
And gird thee with power,
For night comes at length
When labor is o'er.
But not till all nations their homage shall bring,
To Christ, our Redeemer, our Ruler and King.

Sunday, October 21, 1892.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

ANGELS of Paradise, angels of light,
Watch o'er my darling, who slipped from my
sight

Into the realm where the glorified be :
Angels of Paradise, keep her for me.
Tell her she left us a wide, vacant place,
Say that we long for the smile of her face.
Pray do not speak of the hot tears that fall ;
Tell her we love her and miss her, that's all.

Angels of Paradise, dwelling in light,
Watch o'er my dear boy who's sleeping to-night :
Hover about him by night and by day,
Tell him we pray for him, love him alway.
Brighten his dreams with a message of love
Borne on the wings of a seraph above.
Sweeten his slumber, though mine eyelids wake ;
Tenderly watch o'er him, just for love's sake.

Angels of Paradise, weary I am,
Shelter me just as you shelter my lamb.
Tell the kind Father who knows the heartache,
Just how I need you, then come for love's sake.
Lay your soft hands on my feverish brow ;
Grant me the sleep I am waiting for now,
Sleep that no burden nor care shall molest—
Angels of Paradise, take me to rest !

Mabel's birthday, October 24, 1891.

THE TRUE VINE.

JOHN 15 : 1-5.

OH, Thou Eternal One ! Within my hand
I hold a precious missive—all for me.
It fills me with surprise : I cannot understand
Why Thou shouldst love me so—sweet mystery !
It came this morning, on the wings of light :
Most eagerly I send Thee back reply,
Asking for help to read the words aright.
I fail to comprehend them. Rabboni !
Send me the key, that therewith I may find
The hidden meaning of each line : the deep
And mighty truth which my weak mind
Bewildered, fails to grasp.

My Lord, I weep
For very joy. I weep, alas ! for pain.
As one upon whose cheek is pressed the kiss
Of childhood's purity, and cries,
"I do not merit this !"

Yet Master, since this is my very own,
And I am Thine, do not the gift remove,
For by its influence, unto Thine image grown,
I yet may stand spotless, clothed in Thy love.

Slowly I read Thy message to my heart,
"*I am the True Vine.*" Can it be that they
Whom I have learned to love and trust on earth,
Are false, deceptive, and Thou alone true ? Nay !

I know that there are loves of sterling worth,
True, yet only true, Lord, because *Thou* art,
The truest of the true, the only Vine
Bearing untarnished fruitage.

All that is pure
And genuine springs from that source divine.

"God is the husbandman."

Thy earthly life
Bore precious fruit for my eternal gain.
But can it be that Thou didst feel the knife,
That pruning knife, that Thou mightest know our
pain?

And by experience canst Thou understand
Just how it hurts to have the tendrils torn
That cling so closely? Ah! Thy piercé hand
Hath felt the blow, Thy brow the cruel thorn.

"Now ye are clean through my Word." Verily,
Thy word hath been to me a living power,
E'en since Thou first didst speak pardon to me:
"Daughter, thy faith hath saved thee."

In that hour,
Like love's fond kiss came the first rush
Of new life through my veins.

In after days,
Thy blessed words of comfort, given to hush
My foolish fears, have served to cleanse my ways.
Thy words of warning, and of mild reproof,
Loving reproof upon my waywardness:

Then Love's entreaty, when, holding aloof,
I sought less than Thine own Almightiness.
Thy words have given me joy, but pain as well.
When but a child (at heart, if not in years)
I came, with a child's confidence, to tell
Thee my desire. With a heart full of tears
I plead, and once again, to give it me.
It cost Thee little : Thou wert rich, I poor,
But Thou didst tell me "No."

How bitterly
I turned away ! how wretched, oh, how sore !
I knew that Thou wert good, gentle, and kind ;
And though the pain tugged at my heart, I knew
That sometime, in a calm hour, I would find
What I had "deemed reproof was love most true."
Unanswered prayers are they ? Nay, 't is not so.
God answers all in His best way, and just
As we would have Him, could we always know,
Seeing as He sees. So, as I firmly trust
The surgeon's knife, that cuts only to heal,
I learn, unquestioning, Thy will to do :
Trust Thee to send what seemeth best, come weal
Or woe, 't is well, since Thou art wholly true.

"*Abide in Me and I in you.*" Explain
This mystic union of my soul with Thine,
I know it must be mutual love—again,
That human love is type of the Divine.
I have an earthly friend, beloved indeed,
Whose actual presence ever brings delight.
So steadfast is that bond, I do not need

The loving hand clasp, or the pleasant sight
Of that dear face, to *keep* my friend. We find
Though circumstances part us, we have met
By that mysterious influence, which mind
Has upon mind, for *love* cannot forget.

True friendship is a spiritual thing.
It lies not merely in the form we see.
Upon our lives strong influences bring
Themselves to bear, till quite unconsciously
We change, each to the other more akin.
By this same law, O Thou Eternal One,
Transform my character! So win
My heart, that I become Thine—Thine alone.

February 7, 1892.

THE FLIGHT OF RAMONA.

Señorita, my own! thou art trembling with fear!
The path it is safe, and the end is so near.
Alessandro is sure, and his feet never fail;
He knows every step of the Indian trail.

Take courage, dear heart! ere the sun sinks we rest
In the depths of the cañon, like doves in their nest.
As safe from all danger as saints with their God,
For we follow a path that no white man hath trod.

Alabama! 't is over! and ended our flight:
We shall rest from all fear of the white man to-night.
I shall build thee a bower for a couch and a throne;
Thou shalt sleep while I watch, Señorita, my own!

Nay, nay ! I'm not weary, thy love makes me bold,
I will watch by the campfire ; the shadows are cold
As they fall from the heights — Señorita is ill ;
By the warmth of the fire she will suffer no chill.

She sleeps, my beloved ! like a dove in her nest,
No fear of the morrow disturbs her fair breast.
She belongs to the saints, else my soul, tell me why
Has she Indian tresses, yet eyes of the sky ?

She knows not the reason (for why should she weep),
Alessandro must watch while Majella may sleep :
She knows not the danger that lurks in the glen,
When at midnight the lion prowls forth from his den.

My rifle is sure, and the fire burneth bright ;
No wild beast shall harm thee, Majella, to-night.
Sleep, blessed one, sleep from thy perilous ride !
Saint Francis protect thee, my beautiful bride !

As I think on thy future my heart sinks with dread ;
My people are scattered, my father is dead,
Our homes are usurped by the pitiless foe ;
They will rob us, my fair one, wherever we go.

The saints must be angry — the saints in the sky —
Else why do they suffer my people to die ?
Yet they love thee, Majella, they smile as you pray.
Perhaps they will watch o'er our desolate way.

How can they but love thee, the saints in the skies —
For they placed heavenly radiance within thy blue
eyes.

They have watched thee all night — See! the day-
dawn is near!

She smiles — Love, awake! Alessandro is here!

O listen, Majella! we are not alone;
The wood-doves are calling, each one to his own,
Cooing, “Love?” “Here,” “Love?” “Here,” and
their world is for two;

They have only each other, and I, Love, have you.

1893.

INGATHERING DAY.

FROM the lake and its circling mountains,
From valley, from woodland and shore,
The footsteps of pastor and people
Are gathering homeward once more.

We welcome you back to your firesides,
For the long absent faces are dear;
They have darkened a shade since you left us,
But they shine with true warmth and good cheer.

We welcome you back to your labors,
To the fields that hold promise of grain;
We welcome you back to the hearthstone
Of the church — the dear school room again.

We welcome our kind superintendent,
Who so nobly our cause will defend:
We welcome you, teachers and scholars,
We welcome you, stranger and friend.

Have you gathered a fresh inspiration?
Have you learned a new song by the way?
There are some who have borne, uncomplaining,
The burden and heat of the day.

While you have been resting, they labored:
Go find them, and gather them here;
Share with them your smiles and your sunshine,
And sing them your songs of good cheer.

Have you found precious seeds for the sowing?
Go scatter them broadcast, to-day,
The fruit will be growing up yonder,
On that mighty Ingathering Day.

September, 1895.

SOMETIME TO-MORROW.

SO near to me are my unseen beloved,
That since the moment when that mortal hush
Fell on my spirit, seems there strangely near
A loving presence which I recognize.
While, floating on the wings of silence, comes
Love's tender message that I cannot say
Since yesterday.

We need no other proof of immortality,
For closer than this fluctuating breath
Are the unceasing pulses of eternity.
So real is that life, since it is theirs!

And how mysterious seems all they left !
How weak, how perishing seems mortal clay
 Since yesterday !

How near to me seems all humanity !
The touch of death hath made the world akin.
He lays his icy finger on some home
Before unvisited by such a guest,
And scores of aching hearts bleed forth afresh,
Crying, "God comfort you who bow in sorrow,
 To-day—to-morrow."

So near to all throbs the great Heart of Love,
That folds us in an infinite embrace,
Eternal, sure. And our beloved are there—
Nay, here ! Love ever is, for God is Love.
So, looking up through tears, we dare to say,
 Since yesterday,
"Lord, Thou wilt give Love's own to all who sorrow
 Sometime to-morrow."

February 4, 1894.

ETERNAL HOPE.

WHY art thou groping, soul of mine, amid
 the shadows chill,
While on the sunlit peaks the healthful breezes
 play,
And happy fancies float like birds along the way ?
Soul, thou canst mount a little farther up the
 height to-day,
 If thou shouldst will,

Why art thou sad and lonely, heart of mine? Why
lose
Thy faith because the path was rough? Thou
couldst not see
The ministering angels near at hand to succor thee,
Yet thou canst trust God's love continually
If thou but choose.

Oh, soul of mine, thou wert discouraged. Why?
Because of failure past and tasks undone?
But see thou fail nor falter not. At set of sun
Eternal Hope shall sing to thee of victory won
If thou wilt try.

Oh, restless, doubting heart of mine, believe
That God and heaven are even now thine own.
Eternal life is here, such as to angels known:
For thee immortal joys flow from the Great White
Throne,—
Only receive.

July 15, 1898.

TO OUR FATHER.

On his sixty-sixth birthday.

WE have no gifts of silver or of gold to bring
you;
No precious gem from foreign sea and shore;
Instead, a song of gratitude we sing you,
And, with this, something you will value more.

Like gentle snowflakes falls each tiny token,
Penned by the aged and the youthful hand :
Each bears a message which the heart hath spoken
And which, in turn, your own will understand.

Better than wealth is the heart's true affection,
Sweeter than fame, for which men vainly strive,
And so we ask you to receive this recognition
On April twelfth, in the year ninety-five.

'Tis well that friend and kindred now should greet
you,
And children sing your praise and weave their
rhyme :
We hope for many, many years to meet you,
And count your "footprints on the sands of
time."

OUR MESSAGE.

I WALKED one day, in the sunset's glory,
To see if a message for you I could find ;
But each fleecy cloud told me just the same story,
That God is Love, and Love is kind.

I wandered down through the cool, green meadow ;
The flowers looked up 'neath their bonnets of
blue,
And whispered, "Go tell them in sunshine and
shadow
God is Love, and Love is true."

I rambled on to the great, gray ocean,
That bears on its bosom white, fluttering sails.
"Tell me," I cried, "of strength and devotion!"
But I heard, "God is Love, and Love never fails."

At night I read in the starry heaven
The same sweet lesson I learned by day,—
"God is Love, and to you He hath given
A treasure that fadeth not away."

To the Woman's Christian Temperance Union,

September, 1898.

PASSING BY.

Suggested by the words of Bishop Foster, at the Holy Communion, Cottage City, August 26, 1895.

AWAKE, my soul, the early dawn is breaking!
Kneel to receive thy blessing, and to pray.
Thou knowest not the burden that awaits thee,—
Soul, canst thou bear it bravely through the day?
There is one standing even at the threshold;
He longs to share it with thee all the way.
Jesus is passing by Speak to Him!

It is high noon; the sands of life are burning.
Soul, thou art thirsting, and thy feet are sore
From weary travel o'er a rugged pathway.
Come thou apart; thou needst not suffer more.
A friend draws near, bearing a brimming chalice:
'Tis Life Eternal! Drink forevermore.
Jesus is passing by. Speak to Him!

Life's fiercest storm sweeps o'er thy little day.
Thou hast no power to face the billows wild.
Hearken, my soul! Amid the surges' roar
A Voice is calling, "Fear thou not, my child!"
'Tis He who crossed the waves of Galilee;
Who walked life's sea, all calm and undefiled.
'Tis Jesus passing by. Speak to Him!

'T was light at eventide. The last pale rays
Have faded now from western sea and sky.
The storm is hushed, and the dark waves are still.
Lift up thine eyes! The Saviour cometh nigh
To cheer the midnight gloom.

See, in His face
Shineth the dawn of thine eternity!
Jesus is passing by. Speak to Him!

AND THEN.

ANGELIC choristers, from realms afar,
Sang for him as he waited on the shore;
And then the twilight hour, the "evening star,
And one clear call" from her who passed before.
A last farewell, a fluttering breath,
And then—and then, a silence long and deep.
We looked upon his face, and said, "Not death!
An *Angel* touched him and he fell asleep."

Father: February 18, 1900.

"And all, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."—ACTS 6:15.

ON THE HEIGHTS

DEDICATED

TO THE TWO MARYS, WHO HAVE BEEN AN
INSPIRATION:

REV. MARY L. LEGGETT

AND

COUSIN MARY, MY LIFELONG FRIEND

AND

COMPANION.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

I beheld, in my dream, a steep and rugged path winding up the mountain-side. Above were snow white peaks, clothed in eternal purity. Below lay the people valley, and its inhabitants were sleeping, save those who were wending their way toward "the heights where dwells no sin." These were many, and were clad in garments of every hue; but I noticed one peculiarity in common: they all carried burdens, some of which were grievous to be borne.

Few, if any, stepped in another's footprints; each one took his own way, yet the goal was the same. Some there were who climbed with faltering steps; others so spasmodically as to make but little progress; but there were those who walked as on an open plain, in an atmosphere of sunshine and song. I divined the reason to be this: their faces were uplifted, and fixed steadfastly before them, save when they turned to raise the burden from some fainting one, or clasp the hand of a worn traveller, bidding him take heart again. More than one was seen to turn backward for a little way, that he might accompany the lagging steps of his companion. At such times, however, I observed that the countenance of such an one would lighten with a heavenly joy. He seemed to tread the earth no longer, but did mount up as on eagle's wings.

Now it chanced that I was far below, yet saw these things, and said to my companion, "Would that we, too, might soar to yonder heights on the wings of the morning!" And a gentle voice replied, "Thou first must learn to walk and not faint." I looked in the direction of the voice, and beheld a friend, dearly beloved. She was speaking to an eager group that had gathered instinctively about her. The atmosphere being exceedingly rare, her voice was distinctly heard by us. As we listened, we became quite unmindful of the distance between us, or the painful ascent. One sentence inspired me with a new hope: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Thought travels rapidly in this upper realm; one's desires are often communicated without the spoken word. So it came to pass, as I meditated on these things, behold, she turned and looked upon me! She read my heart like an open book, and coming toward me, said in tones of ineffable sweetness—"Be not comfortless: I will come to you." These were so like unto the words of Him whom we were journeying to see, that as she took my hand, I asked if she were the Christ incarnate. At this, she smiled and said, "Such would be my desire. I am your fellow traveller, and only one of those who have come up out of great tribulation, and learned to speak His message in the language of the kingdom." As she spake thus, her raiment became snowy white, and her face transfigured.

When I came to myself, I found I had advanced

a step higher, so took courage as she passed on before me into the unseen. Now it came to pass that at this period in her existence, a strange power was granted unto her, and it was after this wise: I had gone in the strength of our communion for a season, when the longing to see her became so intense that I could refrain no longer, but cried imploringly, "Oh, my glorified one! forsake me not!" Then were mine eyes opened and I saw that she was with me still, and had never left me; and I heard her say, "Fear not, little one; I am at all times in touch with thee." Then it was that she explained how the Christ-spirit abides with all and in all, that "though we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable."

My soul rejoiced greatly at the thought that we were all one with Christ, held in unity by the bonds of peace, eternal peace.

Now I dreamed that I, with my fellow travellers, came toward the end of our earthly journey. We were weary and footsore, yet feared no ill, and because of the glory set before us, we endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

I thought there came a cold, dark night, yet overhead the stars were shining so brightly that we were illumined by their radiance. Turning to my abiding friend, I asked, "Who are these?" and she answered, "These are they who have overcome the world. They shall shine as the stars in the firmament, and their light shall go out no more forever." Now at this, our hearts became exceed-

ing glad, so that we joined in the songs of Zion, and we were filled with immortal hope. And it came to pass that while we sang together, the mists began to lift and roll away before the everlasting hills of God: then there appeared and spread in the Eastern horizon, "the first faint streaks of the morning"—and there was no night there. And behold, a great multitude which no man could number, of every kindred and tongue, had come up unto the holy Mount, and I beheld in their faces a glory which none may describe. Then turning to those whom we had "loved long since, and lost awhile," we asked, "What is this exceeding glory and where is its source?" And an angel, more beautiful to *me* than all the rest, came nestling to my side, and laying her soft hand on my cheek, whispered, "Mother! It is the Sun of Righteousness. See! He rises with healing in His wings!"

Then I awoke.

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